

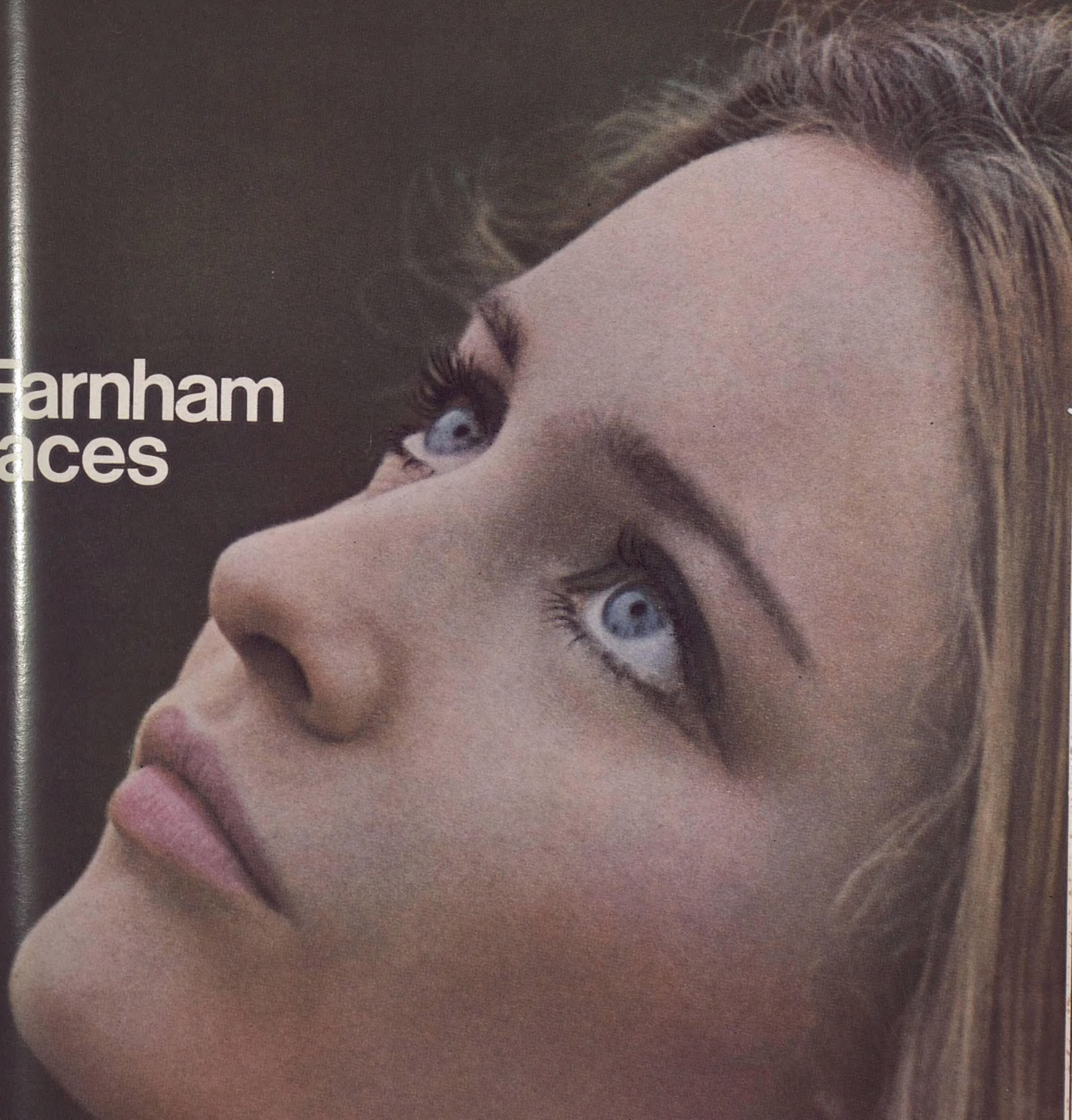
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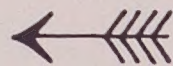


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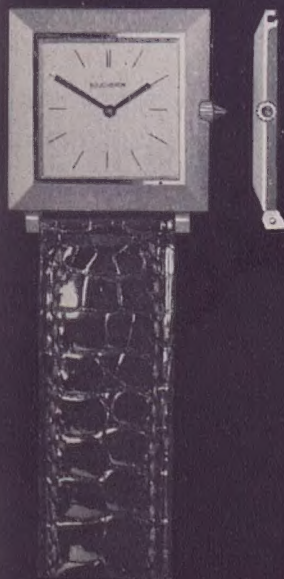
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EDITOR JOHN OLIVER



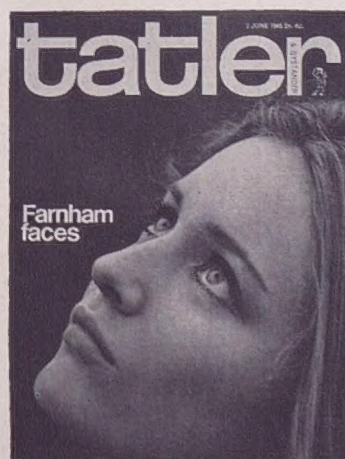
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Country delights compose this week's theme. In no place within striking distance of London is the rustic ambience more deeply savoured than in Farnham, Surrey, and John Verney writes of its pleasures on page 480. Muriel Bowen describes a rural treasure in neighbouring Sussex, the Glyndebourne Opera, on page 469, and there are pictures of a Scottish country enterprise, the Haddo House concert, on page 474. The cover girl with the open-air look is Vivien Swayne, 20-year-old daughter of Major & Mrs. A. O. Swayne, of Farnham. She works in London, but spends all the time she can spare in the country. Her lipstick here is Revlon's Madly Mauve.

Photograph by Richard Swayne

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THE UNKNOWN

Multiple Sclerosis—the commonest organic disease of the central nervous system, frequently leading to progressive paralysis. In essence, the protective sheaths of the nerve fibres in the central nervous system are destroyed by some unknown agent. The resultant wasting away of these sheaths is followed by scarring or sclerosis of the nerve tracts.

The cause of Multiple Sclerosis is still a mystery but it is known to be neither contagious nor hereditary. The average age of onset is 36—although often cases are encountered in the 'teens. Frequently it strikes when a man is establishing his career or a woman her home. As yet, no satisfactory remedy has been found. The Multiple Sclerosis Society of Gt. Britain and Northern Ireland exists to promote the clinical and scientific research so essential if this mystery disease is to be conquered. The Society also promotes the welfare of those who have the disease.

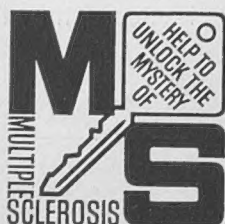
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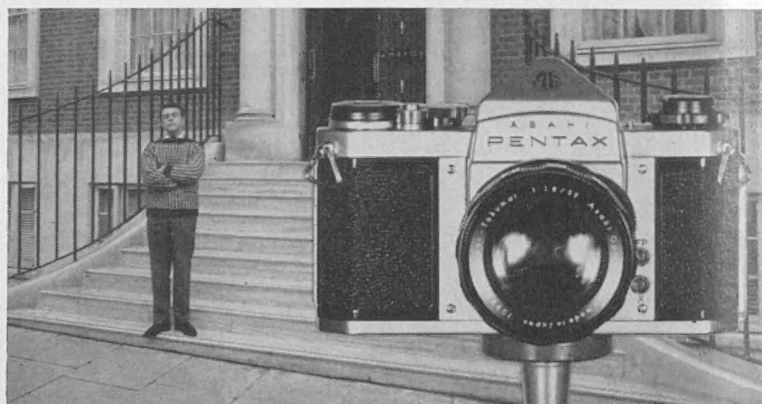
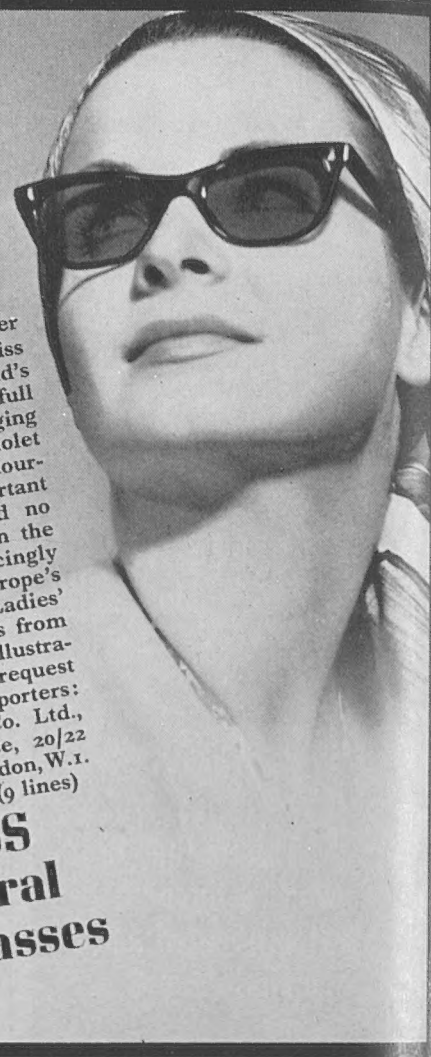
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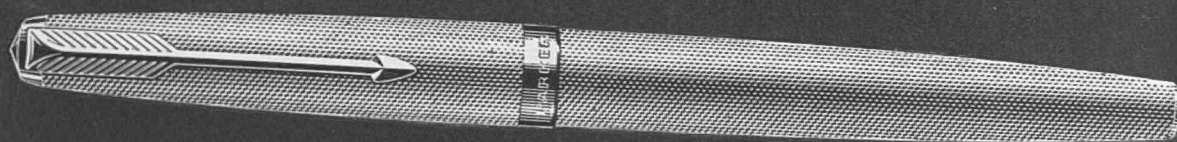


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GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

The Derby, Epsom, today.
The Oaks, Epsom, 4 June.
Bath Festival, 9-20 June.
 (Tickets, Bath Festival Society
 37 Gt. Pulteney St., Bath.)

Antique Dealers' Fair, Grosvenor House, 9-24 June.

750th Anniversary of the Signing of Magna Carta, commemoration service at St. Paul's, 10 June.

Richmond Royal Horse Show, 10-12 June.

Trooping the Colour, Horse Guards Parade, 12 June.

Royal Ascot, 15-18 June.

Cambridge May Balls: Christ's, Churchill, 14 June; Queen's, Trinity Hall, 15 June.
Challoner Club Summer Ball, Hurlingham, 16 June. (Tickets, £2 10s., from the Secretary, KNI 2869.)

Oxford University Drag-hounds and Bullingdon Club dance, Cliveden, Taplow, 17 June.

Aldeburgh Festival, 17-27 June.

Waterloo Ball, Law Courts, Strand, in aid of St. John's, Smith Square, 18 June. (Tickets, £5 5s. inc. supper, from Lady Parker of Waddington, c/o 51 Harrington Gardens, S.W.7.)

CRICKET

New Zealand v. Yorks, Bradford, today to 4 June; **v. Glamorgan**, Cardiff, 5-8 June; **v. Surrey**, the Oval, 9-11 June.
M.C.C. v. Ireland, Lords, 9 & 10 June.

Worcestershire v. M.C.C. (Centenary Match), Worcester, 10 June.

GOLF

Amateur Championship, Royal Porthcawl, Glamorgan, 7-12 June.

POLO

Ascot Week Tournament, Windsor. (13-20 June.)

FLYING

World Gliding Championships, S. Cerney, Glos., to 13 June.

MOTOR RACING

Whit-Monday meeting, Crystal Palace, 7 June.

MUSICAL

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. *Swan Lake*, tonight; *The Lady & The Fool*, *The Tribute*, *Pineapple Poll*, 5 June; *Sylvia*, 9 June, 7.30 p.m. (cov 1066.)

Covent Garden Opera. *Otello* (last perf.), 7 p.m., 3 June; *La Sonnambula* (last perfs.), 7.30 p.m., 4, 7, 10 June, *La Bohème*, 7.30 p.m., 8 June.

Royal Festival Hall. B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, today; Arrau (piano), 3 June; Sound of Folk Music, 4; Michelangeli (piano), 8 June. 8 p.m. B.B.C. Light Music Festival, 5; Royal Philharmonic, 6 June. 7.30 p.m. (WAT 3191.)



Anthony Crickmay, the ballet and portrait photographer, is having an exhibition of his work mounted at the Libreria Scipione Maffei in Verona. The exhibition opens on 3 June and includes many pictures that have previously appeared in TATLER features. The large print on the floor of his Chelsea studio here is of American dancer John Jones

Country House music: Montacute, near Yeovil, Amadeus String Quartet, 6.30 p.m., 7 June; **Claydon House**, Bletchley, Bucks, Beaux Arts Trio, 7 p.m., 13 June. (PRI 7142.)

Ranger's House, Blackheath. Rohan & Druvi de Saram ('cello & piano), 7.30 p.m., 6 June. (WAT 5000, Ext. 6207.)

GARDENS

St. John's Wood: 8 Acacia Rd.; 23 & 24 Norfolk Rd., Thurs-

day, 3 June. 30 & 31 Queen's Grove; 11 Cavendish Avenue, Thursday, 10 June. 3-6 p.m. 1s. each or 3 on one day, 2s. 6d. (See also p. 471.)

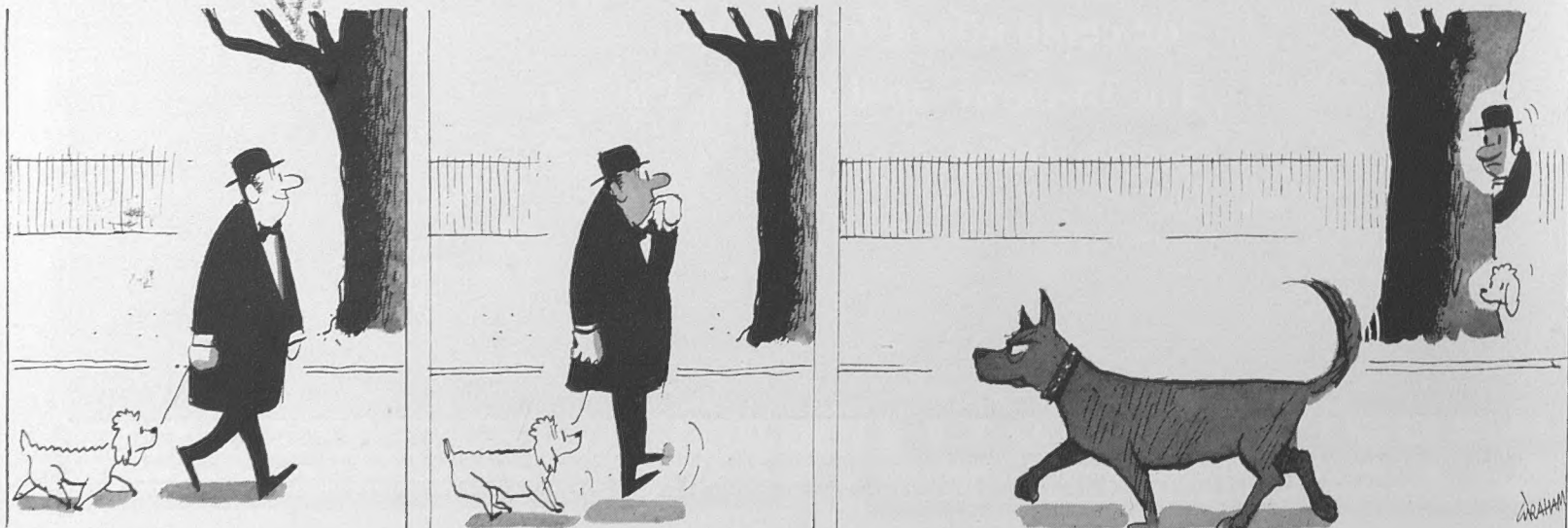
FIRST NIGHTS

Yvonne Arnaud Theatre, Guildford, *A Month In The Country*, tonight.

Aldwych. *The Homecoming*, 3 June.

Regent's Park Open Air Theatre. *As You Like It*, 10 June.

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GOING PLACES



ABROAD

"I suppose," said my Afrikaans hostess, "she should take a warm coat."

We were sitting on the *stoep* of her wine farm under the craggy hulk of Simonsberg mountain discussing a friend who was to visit London next December. With early March temperatures well into the 80's in the Cape, and Bantu workers harvesting the grapes beyond the peach and guava orchards, it was difficult to switch mentally to the British winter so recently left behind. Surrounding me in a nutshell, in fact, were most of the reasons why Europeans dream of wintering in South Africa: warmth, sun, scenic splendour, a string of beautiful beaches only a few miles away. Even the presence of baboons in the mountains, a mere nuisance from the wine farmer's point of view, seemed to fit.

Accept whenever possible any invitation to meet the people. They are very hospitable and there is more to be learnt about the South African way of life in 24 hours in a private home than in 24 days of hotels. Getting to know Europeans who have never been to Europe can be an oddly humbling experience. Those genuinely interested in meeting families should contact the Visitors' Committees in main towns through local publicity associations.

In many respects much about South Africa is familiar, from early morning tea (often served shortly after 6 a.m. whether ordered or not) and bacon and eggs for breakfast, to shop counters well stocked with such items as Rowntrees fruit gums and Omo. One can go racing at Ascot (Cape Town) or Newmarket (Johannesburg), bathing at Margate (Natal) or picnicking near Scarborough (Cape Peninsula). Equally, much about South Africa is extremely unfamiliar. An American colleague drew frequent comparisons with the landscapes of Texas or Arizona: scenically there is little to remind Britons of home.

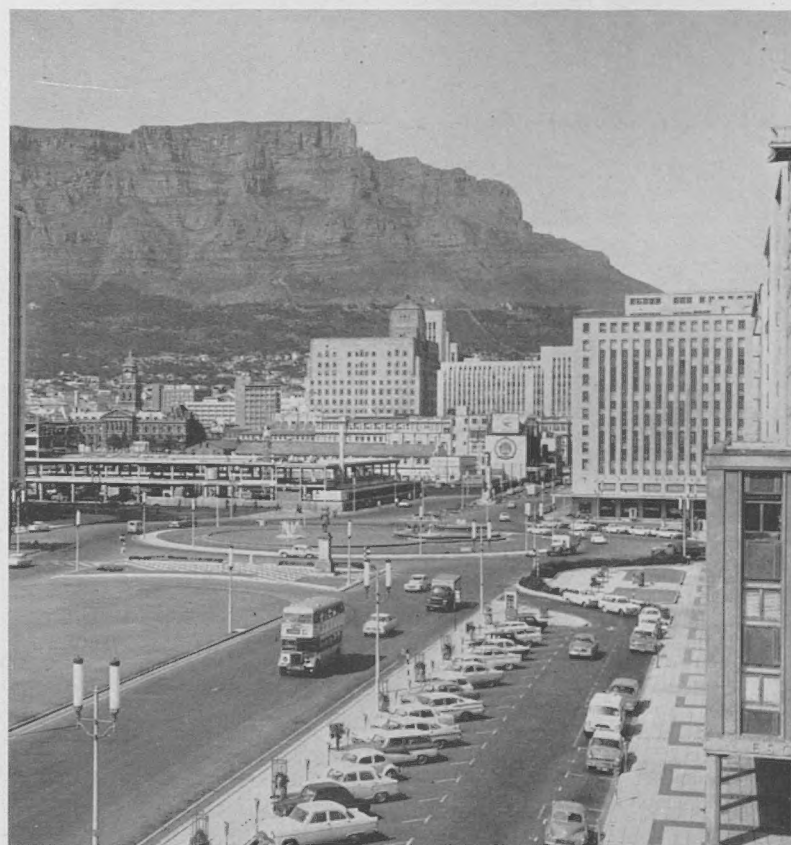
A risk in any country as large as this (five times the U.K.) is your own urge to absorb mileage. The penalty is frustration, and in a month of covering nearly 4,000 miles I suffered from it often myself. For, in spite of really first class trunk roads, a compre-

hensive domestic air system and arail network that includes one of the world's most famous trains, nothing can alter the fact that roughly 1,300 miles of road separates Durban from Cape Town, nearly 1,000 miles Cape Town from Johannesburg, and over 400 Johannesburg from Durban, the three points of the South African tourist triangle.

Though I travelled comfortably by South African Airways' Boeing 707 to Jan Smuts Airport in the high veldt of the Transvaal, there must be few lovelier sights than the approach to Cape Town by sea.

parliamentary session coincides with the best weather and the height of the tourist season, the strain on Cape Town's accommodation is extreme, and it is wise to book well ahead.

Skyscrapers grow now on the reclaimed foreshore of the city, once submerged under the waters of Table Bay. They flank the broad arrow of Heerngracht that merges into Adderley Street, finally to nar-



Cape Town with Table Mountain in the background

The Cape, unlike many places which you know before seeing them, lives marvellously up to its reputation. Cape Town itself has one of the most enviable settings of any city in the world and you can't really blame the South African Government, which administers from Pretoria for six months of the year, for moving down lock, stock and barrel, to legislate from Cape Town during the remaining six. This curious arrangement involves special trains to move ministerial staff and their families and files south in January and back again in June. As the

row into The Avenue, an oak-shaded lane, where the gracious Houses of Parliament, the museum, archives and library, fringe beautiful gardens founded by Jan van Riebeeck three centuries ago. All of it lies under the soaring wall of Table Mountain attended on one side by Lion's Head, on the other by Devil's Peak. For newcomers, it is automatic to glance every morning to see whether the "tablecloth" is on or off, and at the first opportunity to head for the cable car that carries you to 3,500 feet and one of the world's greatest views in seven minutes. Scores

of paths lead to the summit, many of them dangerous, but one in particular presents no difficulties to the energetic.

Several day excursions by coach are organized by South African Railways in and around the Cape. However, for the excursion through the Cape Peninsula to Cape Point (Cape of Good Hope) it is worth hiring a car, for no coach can reasonably allow for the number of times you will want to stop for photography or simply to devour the view.

The route takes in sophisticated suburbs like Sea Point and Clifton, and tiny resorts with such unlikely names as Llandudno along the breathtaking riviera that skirts the Twelve Apostles and Hout Bay to Chapman's Peak. It then crosses the peninsula to the False Bay resorts of Fish Hoek, Kalk Bay (lively commercial fishing harbour), Muizenberg (best surfing) and Simonstown (starting point for deep sea fishing expeditions at about £3-£4 a day per person, including tackle). The southern half of the peninsula is a rugged nature reserve populated by baboons who delight in climbing all over the car. Don't be misled by their quaint expressions; their teeth can be vicious. The road ends about a quarter of an hour's climb along a well graded and cemented path to the old lighthouse that overlooks the dramatic cliffs of Cape Point itself. Whether or not the waters of the Atlantic and Indian Oceans meet exactly here is debatable. But certainly the bathing in the resorts of False Bay is several degrees warmer than from the Atlantic Ocean beaches a few miles away.

Inland from Cape Town, you cross the Cape Flats towards mountain ranges ribbed by valleys verdant with vineyards and orchards. Here is Paarl, home of the huge K.W.V. cellars, headquarters of the South African wine industry. It is through this lovely region that you begin your journey, first along the Garden Route, then through the Transkei, and finally up the Natal coast to Durban. The coach tour, run by South African Railways, takes six and a half days, with overnight stops at Oudtshoorn, Wilderness, Port Elizabeth, East London, Umtata (Tran-

skel) and Margate: a shortened version takes five days. I would dissuade anyone from doing the complete journey on consecutive days, not only because it is tiring but because it is a dreadful waste of good scenery. Breaks in the journey can be arranged anywhere on the route and a coach picked up later.

I must confess that I was disappointed in the Garden Route. The scenery is glorious but it is not, as I had wrongly imagined, a coastal route within sight of the sea. It touches the coast infrequently—to coincide with overnight stops—plunging instead up and down mountain passes of intense beauty, passing through great, dim forests, and over plains of corn and scrub.

Wilderness and Plettenberg Bay are particularly charming small resorts, the former well placed for excursions into the Outeniqua Mountains which back it, rising to the lovely desolation of the Little Karoo around Oudtshoorn (ostrich farms and the Kango Caves). I should also be happy to spend longer in the T'zitikama Forest region near Knysna, to dawdle through the cathedral quiet caught between the towering stinkwoods and yellow woods, pearwoods and blackwoods that contribute to Knysna's furniture industry.

The Garden Route ends before Port Elizabeth and between here and East London the scenery is less interesting, so this stretch could be travelled by air. East London has an Oxford Street and a Fleet Street, but their broad proportions and unhurried pace give them little in common with their English namesakes. The surrounding countryside is gentle and pleasing for walkers and riders; deep sea fishing costs £2 a day, including bait and tackle, and a number of rivers along this Kaffraria Coast provide good boating and fishing waters from several small resorts.

About an hour by road north of East London, you cross the Kei river into the Transkei. Twice the size of Wales, this Bantu territory is largely populated by the Xhosa tribes whose round thatched huts sprinkle the lovely hills of this very beautiful region. Umtata is the Transkei capital and

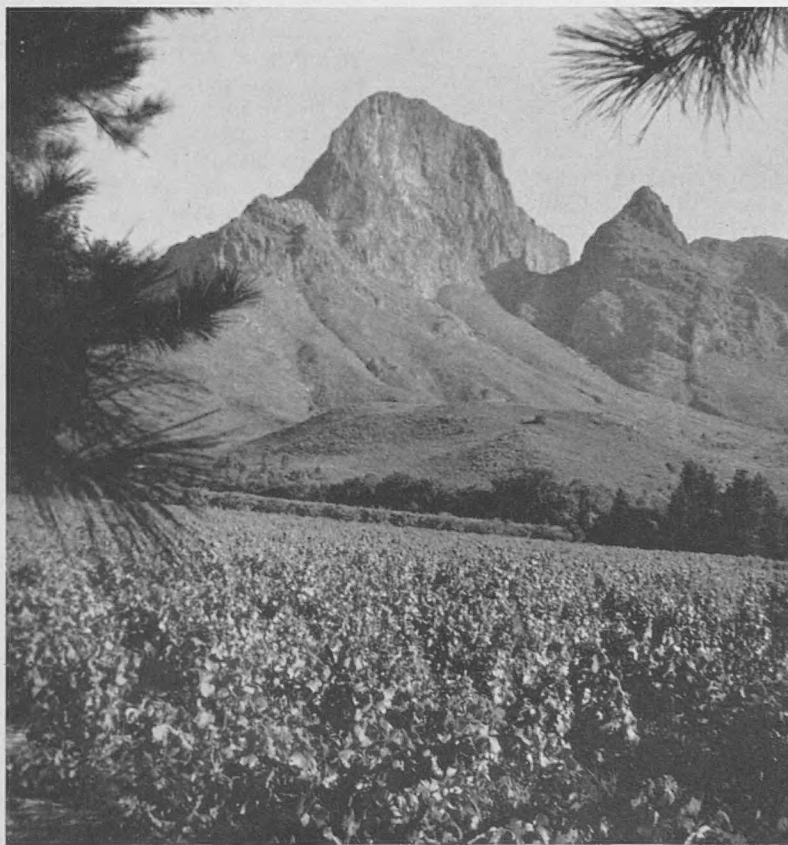
from here visits are arranged to a nearby Xhosa village. It is intelligently done and gives a good, though brief, glimpse of tribal life. Inevitably there is a conducted party feel.

Beyond Umtata, the coach route leaves the tarred road for a dusty but splendid drive coastwards to Port St. Johns, in the middle of the wild and virtually undeveloped Transkei coast. There are two or three small hotels for those who want to linger longer off the beaten track. The route returns inland *via* Lusikisiki to the Umtamvuna river for a quaint ferry crossing out of

Scottsburgh, closer to Durban, has a pleasant air. Amanzimtoti and Umhlanga Rocks, a few miles south and north respectively of Durban, are two other suggested centres.

Durban marks the end of the first section of my route. It can, of course, also be done in reverse, and a pleasant combination would be to use one of the "Castles" for the 4-day sea journey Cape Town—Port Elizabeth—East London—Durban, returning by road. For comfort, allow two weeks.

Continued next week. Doone Beal resumes her regular travel articles on 16 June.



Vineyards at Groot Drakenstein, Cape Province

SYLVIE NICKELS

the Transkei and into Natal.

According to the map, most of Natal's 300-mile coast appears to consist of an unbroken succession of resorts, or at least as far as Durban. This is an illusion, for many of the place names apply to beaches with a handful of houses or no houses at all. Don't be tempted into the sea by an empty stretch of sands; the currents are tricky and the waters shark-infested. There are quite enough resorts and in these you can bathe in perfect safety in areas protected by nets. South Africa's Margate seemed as unappealing as any other, but

How to get there

By air: London-Johannesburg return, by South African Airways, B.O.A.C., etc., first class £475; economy class £260 6s.; economy class excursion valid 90 days, £230. From London (Gatwick)—Johannesburg return by Trek Airways, £174-£190 according to season, including an overnight stop each way. From Amsterdam/Basle-Lourenço Marques (Mozambique) return by International Air, £126-£148 10s. according to season, plus onward connections by rail or air to Johannesburg.

By sea: U.K. Cape Town single

by Union Castle Line, from about £90 tourist class; from about £220 first class; from about £130 hotel class. Other services to South Africa from U.K. or Continental ports by Ellerman & Bucknall, Holland Africa Line, Shaw Savill Line, Lloyd Triestino, British India Steam Navigation, South African Marine Corporation. Off-season reductions apply on some routes at certain times of the year. Return fares are double the single fare, less 5 per cent, and this 5 per cent reduction also applies on return fares combining one-way air and one-way sea.

Overland: London-Johannesburg by coach (Penn-Orbit), £175, transport only, taking 76 days. Departure in November.

When to go

Cape Province: best season, October-March. In September-October (the South African spring) the flowers are magnificent. Between April and September it can be chilly, with a good deal of rain. **Natal Coast:** May-September is the best period. Heat and humidity can be considerable from November-March. **Transvaal and Natal hinterland:** From May-September, warm dry days and often cold nights. Between October and April can be very hot with many, but not prolonged, storms. Half the Kruger National Park is then closed. **Orange Free State:** About the same as for the Transvaal. The Bethlehem area suffers less from intense heat in December-January than other areas.

Costs

Cost of living is low. Full board and a room with private bath is £2-£2 10s. a day, except in the glossier hotels or in main cities, and this figure is really inclusive down to such items as early morning, mid-morning and afternoon tea. In restaurants and on trains one can eat one's way through the *table d'hôte* menu of anything up to twelve or more items for 7s.-10s. King-size cigarettes are 1s. 11d. for twenty. The 6½-day coach tour Cape Town-Durban costs £44 10s., including accommodation, meals and certain excursions. The 4-day sea route on one of the "Castles" is £19-£47 according to standard of accommodation.

Further information from: South African Tourist Corporation, 70 Piccadilly, W.1.

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GOING PLACES TO EAT

C.S. ... Closed Sundays.
W.B. ... Wise to book a table.
Mitchell's of St. James's, 25 St. James's Street, S.W.1. (TRA 3728.) C.S. This is a new late night restaurant of notable distinction, and I shall be surprised if it does not become highly popular with smart people. It has elegance, great originality of decor, comfort, and first-class service. It takes some courage to put in a bar a mural by Sheila Prior, aged 8, but it is charming, as are the pictures by an even younger artist. Peter Glynn-Smith and his wife Juliet were responsible for the interior design, graphics and illustrations, which I found delightful. The supper I ate was well-cooked and the large *à la carte* menu is not expensive for an establishment of this quality. The restaurant opens at 8 p.m., and there is dancing to two bands—Keith Cooper's Quintet and the Richard Bono Trio—to 3 a.m. Lennie Felix plays in the piano bar (where you can drink without dining). There is free garage parking, something to be appreciated in this part of London. We went for supper: I shall certainly go again for dinner.

Braganza Restaurant, 56 Frith Street, Soho. (GER 5412.) C.S. I am asked, quite often, which restaurants I consider give the best value for money in London, *i.e.* first-class cooking, sound wines and good service in pleasant surroundings. This one I name always, and its slightly dearer companion upstairs, the Magnum Room. The emphasis is on fish, but there is plenty of good meat as well, high quality wines if you want them, as well as a sound white house wine known as "the rough." The atmosphere of both restaurants is pleasant, the service most attentive, in the Wheeler group tradition. The Magnum Room has a notable elegance, with polished tables and panelled walls; wine by the glass, or the magnum. Your French and American friends would like it. W.B.

Just off the Leas

At Folkestone there is much talk, and even a scale model, of a plan to put a huge building on the famous Leas. In the meantime they remain an amicable place for exercise, with or without dog, and just off them is the

Bay Tree Grill (Folkestone 55301) in the Burlington Hotel. The decor of the quite small dining-room is Spanish, and so, I think, are the attentive staff, but the menu has the simplicity that is proper in a grill. I can commend the sole Colbert and the steaks, and we enjoyed also the *pâté*. The wine list is most interesting, in that it is well above the usual grill room standards, with some fine clarets and hocks, and modestly priced, value for money wines like No. 15. The Bay Tree is well thought of locally, so it is wise to book, especially at weekends.

Wine note: New aperitif

A wine aperitif, well known in Europe but new to the United Kingdom, was introduced recently at a luncheon at Grosvenor House. It is made by Cusénier, whose liqueurs are world famous, and its name is Ambassadeur. Naturally its composition is secret, but through the red wine of the Midi comes a pleasing flavour of orange and herbs. Gentian gives it a clean finish, and I enjoyed it neat over ice before the meal. As a longer drink it

mixes, rather surprisingly well, with tonic water. Topped up with chilled soda-water it should make a good summer drink. I asked M. Jean Maxime-Robert, President Director General of Cusénier, what he regarded as the ideal mixture. "With champagne" was his reply. Ambassadeur is being handled by George Idle Chapman who have represented Cusénier for some 80 years. Its retail price will be about 24s. per bottle.

... and a reminder

Stafford Hotel Restaurant, St. James's Place, S.W.1. (HYD 0111.) *Elegance, comfort and good service, as a frame for high-class cooking. A place for "squares."*

Au Père de Nico, 10 Lincoln Street, Chelsea. (KNI 4704.) *French in atmosphere and cuisine, but prices of wine and food are moderate. N.B. the 10s. luncheon.*

Giulietta-Romeo Restaurant, 11 Sutton Row, Soho Square, N.E. corner. (REG 4914.) *New and different in decor from most Italian restaurants in London. Good cooking with original touches.*



Dorothy Tutin as the young Victoria at the start of her reign in *Portrait of a Queen* at the Vaudeville Theatre

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A Princess in Paris

The royal visitor to Paris is Princess Alexandra of Kent who with her husband, the Hon. Angus Ogilvy, attended a dinner and ball given jointly by the Chamber of Commerce and Industry of Paris and the British Chamber of Commerce in France. During her two-day stay in France the

Princess visited her uncle, the Duke of Windsor, at his home near Paris and also spent two hours at the Hertford British Hospital on the outskirts of the city. One of the hospital's main wards is named after her great-grandmother, Queen Alexandra, when she visited the hospital in 1879

Damp but undeterred as the Glyndebourne season opens

Only the hardiest of the Glyndebourne operagoers were able to take their picnic suppers into the open on the first night of the 1965 season. There was a heavy shower before the performance of Cimarosa's *Il Matrimonio Segreto* but this did not deter guests from strolling in the grounds during the intervals

Some of the guests take their picnic baskets into the dell at Glyndebourne



PHOTOGRAPHS: VAN HA 'N

Mrs. Henry Phipps and Lady Antonia Fraser



Mr. Christopher Williams and Miss Elizabeth Watson take a supper tray down to the lawns

Pace-setting to the sound of Cimarosa

by Muriel Bowen

Mrs. John Constant with Mr. & Mrs. Phillip Hinton



Mr. Richard Jackson and Miss Penny Everton in the grounds

The name Glyndebourne has always conjured up a gorgeous sight-and-sound picture of opera drifting through the quiet Sussex meadows and copses, with their bluebells and buttercups. This year's opening saw something added. Socially it was a pace-setter in good dressing. Gone at last are those dowdy outfits of yesteryear; those terrible Victorian-style dresses in plum velvet and white lace. Instead there is a new, young, fresh look as younger people move in. Among those I noticed particularly, LADY MOOREA WYATT wore a high-collared evening coat of white ottoman, LADY ANTONIA FRASER had a shot silver theatre coat, and LADY BAGRIT's elegant slim column of a dress had a beautifully embroidered top. THE COUNTESS OF DARTMOUTH wore a floral patterned matching dress and coat in vivid colours.

The season opened with an opera new to Glyndebourne, Cimarosa's *Il Matrimonio Segreto*—"The Secret Marriage"—with its light, sunny melodies and superbly professional Italian cast (reviewed on page 498). The opening was on Sunday and the curtain went up earlier than usual, so it must have called for much courage for guests to get all dressed up in dinner jackets and evening dress and present themselves at Victoria station at 2.25 in the afternoon. When Mr. John Christie started the company in 1934 there were only seven people on that special on the second night. Now over 100 travel that way to a single performance.

THE NO-STAR SYSTEM

Amid the proliferation of festivals great and small, the success of Glyndebourne is due more than anything else to its thoroughness; the way that everybody is made to feel that their contribution matters. For the past two months opera singers from all over the world have been gathering at Mr. GEORGE CHRISTIE'S 15th-century house on the Sussex Downs. One thing they will all quickly realize is that there are no stars at Glyndebourne. In the programme, singers' photographs are all the same size and they appear in strictly alphabetical order, and the head gardener's name appears in the same size type as the conductor's.

One of the pleasantest incidentals of Glyndebourne is an open-air supper. But on the first night there was no great rush through the double row of enormous Irish yews to eat and drink among the buttercups by the lake. A heavy shower earlier in the evening had dis-

couraged all but the most hardy of picnickers.

Everything at Glyndebourne has style. In the restaurants—named the Middle, Over and Nether Wallop Halls—the floors are as polished as the tables and the waitresses wear white gloves. First night diners included Mr. & Mrs. George Christie, who were entertaining Mr. OSBERT LANCASTER, and Mr. RAYMOND LEPPARD; LORD & LADY SHAWCROSS; Mr. IAN HUNTER; Miss ELISABETH STURGES-JONES; LORD & LADY NETHERTHORPE; Mrs. MICHAEL SACHER; and LADY BIRLEY.

EXCHEQUER WORRIES

Despite the aura of success, all is not contentment among the buttercups. The annual budget now exceeds £260,000 and as even a 5 per cent increase on this sum—not at all unlikely—would be more than twice the Glyndebourne Arts Trust's assured annual income from investments, there is some worry. Last year's appeal brought in a mere £64,000.

It is clear from these figures that if opera is to continue on its present high plane, a great many more people who get pleasure from Glyndebourne—54,000 saw last year's productions—will have to do something about it.

GARDENS TO VIEW

When American friends want to see some unspoilt residential London, my first stop is St. John's Wood. They peer through the grilles in garden doors and go into ecstasies over what they see. Sometimes the gardens are of only drawing-room size, but all are gems on which loving care has been lavished.

So it is good news that those garden doors are now to be swung open and a welcome—sometimes with tea—extended to visitors. It is all due to the kind co-operation of many people and the initiative in particular of the HON. Mrs. IVAN HAY. Starting from to-morrow (until 14 July), some of the St. John's Wood gardens will be open to the public in the afternoon. The charge for visiting is 1s. per garden, or 2s. 6d. for three gardens.

The proceeds will go to a particularly worthy cause—the St. Marylebone Housing Association, which provides housing for retired professional people of limited means. Theirs is no pipedream. A site in Priory Road, N.W.6, has been purchased, and the estimated cost of building a small block of flats on it is £120,000.

(For list of gardens open, see *Going Places*, page 460.)

The help of flowers

The floral luncheon and display of flower arrangements held at the Savoy helped raise funds for

the charitable work of the Forces' Help Society and Lord Roberts Workshops

Mary Duchess of Roxburghe and Mr. Kenneth Keith, respectively Chairman and President of the luncheon



Lady Dowty, wife of Sir George Dowty, the industrialist



Miss Julia Clements, one of the principal speakers, with one of the larger floral displays



The Countess of Cromer, whose husband is the Governor of the Bank of England



Lady Anne Tennant, eldest daughter of the Earl of Leicester



Lady Carey Basset, second daughter of the Earl of Leicester

Cocktails (in season) for two

The cocktail party given by Mrs. Keith Cameron and Mrs. Bernard Loraine-Smith for their daughters

Miss Jane Cameron and Miss Olivia Loraine-Smith was held at the Cavalry Club in Piccadilly

Miss Jane Cameron



Miss Olivia Loraine-Smith



Miss Sarah Dawnay, daughter of Lt. Col. & Mrs. Christopher Dawnay



Miss Georgina Denison, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Max Denison



The joint-hostesses, Mrs. Keith Cameron (left) and Mrs. Bernard Loraine-Smith



Lady Victoria Cecil, daughter of the Marquess & Marchioness of Exeter

The Senior Service joins the Army Horse Trials

Though the recent coughing epidemic reduced the number of starters in the Army three day Horse Trials, there was some fine riding at Tidworth in Hampshire, with the Royal Navy represented for the first time in the person of

Sub-Lt. E. C. Atkinson, R.N., who came first in the Rover section on *Bugle March* and also won the Services competition. The Courage event, the senior of the two sections, was won by Mr. Lars Sederholm on *Viscount*

Major General C. H. Blacker, the Army horseman and athlete, and Lt. Col. R. B. Moseley, president of the Ground Jury



Miss A. Greenwood on *Graythwaite*. She came fourth in the Rover dressage section and was overall third in the Rover event



2nd Lt. N. M. Anderson on *Castleton Hill* was competing in the Courage event



Miss J. Garrard competing on *Emperor Jones* in the dressage section of the Rover



Sub-Lt. E. C. Atkinson, R.N., on *Bugle March*. He was the first Royal Navy officer to compete in the trials and won the Rover event

Lt. Col. & Mrs. Frank Weldon watch the Courage for which they were the dressage judges



Miss C. Gisborne on *Gaygo* in the Rover dressage section



Captain T. W. Ritson on *Evening Echo*. He came fourth in the Rover, competing in the dressage section



Major D. Allhusen on *Lochinvar*. They came overall second in the Courage

Overture and beginners at the Haddo House concert

The strong musical tradition of Haddo House, Aberdeen, was continued when they presented Elgar's *Dream of Gerontius* with the Haddo House Choral Society augmented by the Turriff Choral Society and members of the Gordonstoun Choir with whom Prince Charles sang. There was

an audience of nearly 600. Several musicians and singers came from London for the concert, which was conducted by the Countess of Haddo, using her professional name of June Gordon. Before the concert Lady Haddo entertained a large party to luncheon at Haddo House

Mr. Leon Goossens, the oboist, discusses the score with the Countess of Haddo, hostess at the luncheon. She also conducted the concert



Mr. David McKenna, chairman of Sadler's Wells, supervises sandwich making by Miss Sarah Gordon and Miss Caroline Harmsworth



Lady Grant of Monymusk, wife of Sir Francis Grant, Bt., talking to the Earl of Haddo



Dr. & Mrs. Henry Havergal. He is the principal of the Royal Scottish College of Music, Glasgow



The Marchioness of Aberdeen, Mrs. Burges Lumsden of Pitcaple Castle, and Lord Glentanar

Letter from Scotland

by Jessie Palmer

Mrs. Richard Lewis, whose husband was tenor soloist at the concert, and Mr. John Lawrenson, the baritone soloist



Mr. & Mrs. Harry Hoggan. He is head of the B.B.C. at Aberdeen

The fourth University of Edinburgh Staff Art Exhibition, held recently, attracted a good deal of interest—and no wonder, for considerable talent was represented, though few of the exhibitors have had any art training worth mentioning. "It's an expression of the academic community and worth doing for that alone," I was told by the Rev. James Chisholm, a member of the staff of the Extra-Mural Department of the University. He organizes the exhibition and is himself a gifted artist. The exhibition was also open to wives of the staff and any children over 18.

I was interested in the work of Dr. Andrew S. Bennett and his wife. Dr. Bennett is a seismologist with the Department of Astronomy and both he and his wife have only recently begun to paint. Mrs. Bennett told me that she began "to pass the time" before the birth of her baby. The baby is now six weeks old. Mrs. Bennett's artistic enthusiasm is mounting and she plans to "learn more about all aspects of art." At present she paints landscapes—Dr. Bennett paints pictures of the Broads remembered from his Norfolk boyhood.

Mrs. L. D. Macmillan, wife of the assistant secretary to the university, and her daughter, Mrs. Wilson Taylor, had a total of eight pictures hung. Mrs. Macmillan is very modest about her still life studies. She took up art two years ago and is now happily attending classes at the Edinburgh College of Art. Her daughter, Ann Macmillan, is a well-known artist. She now lives in Crieff and among her exhibits was an attractive sketch of her year-old daughter.

A memorial tapestry

Dr. Mary Pickford, a reader in physiology, is another person who obviously gets a great deal of enjoyment out of painting. "It's entirely amateur," she assured me, "but it's a nice change from work." Her "entirely amateur" effort, *Rocks at Petra*, was sold very early on in the exhibition.

The Faculties of Medicine and Science had by far the largest number of entries (there are all sorts of explanations for this phenomenon, most of them frivolous) and the Faculty of Divinity had only one representative—but a worthy one—Mrs. Anderson, wife of the Rev. Professor G. W. Anderson who has the Chair of Old Testament Literature and Theology. Mrs. Anderson is a trained embroideress, having studied at the Royal School of Needlework. She also paints (landscapes and portraits) but in this field she claims she is an absolute amateur. She also exhibited a tapestry chair seat, designed as a Churchill memorial.

Mrs. Anderson turns her knowledge of needlework to practical, helpful account and for the past few years has held a weekly class for

the wives of overseas students in her own home. "Some of them hardly know how to hold a needle when they start," Mrs. Anderson told me, "but you'd be surprised at what they can produce."

The trend in antiques

For the third year in succession the Scottish Antique Dealers' Fair was held in Edinburgh. Public interest increases each year and this time there were many sales. One of the fair's directors, Mr. Douglas I. H. Adamson of Edinburgh, sold a circular rosewood drum table within a few minutes of the opening.

"Interest in antiques is constantly being stimulated," Mr. Adamson told me. "People are becoming more knowledgeable about them. They look on them, too, as an investment and, of course, one hopes that they will enjoy and like what they have invested in." There are fashions in antiques, Mr. Adamson tells me. The taste at the moment is towards more feminine styles; Hepplewhite, Regency generally, and French painted furniture.

The fair was crammed with beautiful and priceless old furniture, silver, porcelain, rugs, prints and pictures from all over the country. The rule is that everything must be prior to 1830, though this rule is relaxed in the case of Persian rugs because it is almost impossible to date them accurately. Instead, they must be of the native sizes and in the old vegetable dyes.

The pirates' cave

Captain & Mrs. A. J. F. Milne Home gave a dance to celebrate the coming-of-age of their youngest son, Patrick, and their daughter, Isabel. There were just over 200 guests from all parts of Scotland as well as from the south. The Milne Home's house—Elibank, Walkerburn—was attractively decorated with spring flowers from the extensive gardens.

A feature of the décor was the pirates' cave night club decorated by the family. I gather Mrs. Milne Home, who is a very capable artist, had been responsible for many of the artistic touches. She tells me she is at present taking a year's course at the Edinburgh College of Art where she is concentrating on figure painting.

Patrick has now returned to Cirencester Agricultural College where he has another year to go to complete his course in estate management. Isabel is at present at the House of Citizenship at Aylesbury. Incidentally, after a lapse of some years, the grounds of Elibank were recently opened again to the public under the auspices of Scotland's Gardens Scheme. Captain Milne Home, an enthusiastic and knowledgeable gardener, has been looking after the grounds without the help of a gardener, since his retirement from the navy.

"Let's make a record," she said.

TEN years ago, a vivacious young woman decided she was going to break into one of the toughest and most competitive industries—that of gramophone records. Now Isabella Wallich is celebrating a decade of successful expansion for her Delyse Recording Company which she developed from one disc to being the largest independent record concern in the country.

"It was extremely hard getting started. Looking back, I think I must have been absolutely nutty," Mrs. Wallich told me. "I had no capital, no experience. I had to learn it all, about copyright, distribution and costs. Apart from one secretary I was quite alone." We were sitting in her friendly office—no executive status symbols—high above Marylebone Road, the administrative centre of the company. About a dozen people are employed here; on the walls are pinned the sleeves of recent releases including *Songs of the Tyne*, a collection of folk tunes and ballads that won a best record nomination last year from the discerning *Gramophone* magazine.

The accent of the Delyse catalogue is heavily Welsh, though not exclusively so. Mrs. Wallich's pilot disc was a recital by two notable Welsh artists, Ossian Ellis and David Ffrangcon Thomas. "I was looking for something new to record, something that didn't seem to be covered by the big companies," she explained.

After that first record it was a question of building up a repertory, and since then her list has expanded to cover the wide variety of Welsh music, and also to include music from other parts of the British Isles that have a strong regional tradition of song. By pursuing this specific line, Mrs. Wallich achieved a substantial output, catering for the interests of both the specialist and the ordinary lover of national music: "I went on with a sort of pig-headed innocence that saw me through, adding record by record. Decca gave me tremendous help by agreeing to press for me

It is no longer unusual to discover a woman building up a successful business single-handed. What is more striking is the type of venture she tackles. J. Roger Baker talks to a woman who chose to make a head-on assault on one of the most competitive modern industries. Photographs by John Timbers

from the master record which they still do, as well as EMI now."

Though Mrs. Wallich disclaimed experience of the industry when she started, her background was not unrelated to either music or business. Her uncle, Fred Gaisberg, artists' manager for EMI, was a constant companion when she was a girl: "He practically introduced records to this country. He knew Caruso, Melba, Chaliapine, and was concerned with the early Glyndebourne records. He was the oldest and my mother was the youngest of their family, so his experience went a long way back. We spent a lot of time together, so I learned to adore the record industry from my very early days."

Ultimately she became a concert pianist, but just before embarking on her record company Mrs. Wallich managed the Philharmonia Orchestra for Walter Legge. If this background explains her musical discernment, her business acumen probably derives from her father who, until his retirement a few months ago, was managing director in England for Coty: her brother now has this position.

Her constant pursuit of the new has led Mrs. Wallich to try some rewarding experiments. "I get a hunch and pursue it. In that way I'm pig-headed. I won't leave it alone, and usually it comes off." She persuaded Covent Garden baritone Geraint Evans to record a classical recital for her in Llandaff Cathedral: she is also proud of a choral disc, *A Nation Sings*. "We invited the congregations of Welsh chapels and churches in London to come to the Albert Hall and sing. About 5,000 people

turned up, we pointed the microphones at them and hoped for the best."

The result was a best seller and Mrs. Wallich tried it again at the end of April. At that time there were more than 21,000 applications to attend the Gymanfa Ganu, or Festival of Song. Six thousand were allocated tickets and the Albert Hall filled up with eager singers obediently sitting where large notices indicated their particular voice. A number of distinguished Welshmen in London turned up, as did Geraint Evans, Trevor Anthony and David Hughes—not doing solos, but just joining in.

Another hunch that came off was Mrs. Wallich's *London Record*, a combination of narration, music and natural sound forming a documentary picture of London from dawn in the fish market to night in the West End. Narration is an aspect of recording that particularly interests Mrs. Wallich and she has launched a popular line in children's records. "I like to get experienced actors reading children's stories quite simply, with no distractions, aiming at the under-sevens. I have Johnny Morris and Marjorie Westbury among the readers."

Though her office is warm and full of nice people making tea, Mrs. Wallich is far from desk-bound. "I do a lot of travelling for selling and auditioning. Hundreds of people write in for auditions. I ask them to send tapes and give them all a hearing. The guitarist John Williams came to my house two years ago to audition. As soon as I heard him I knew he must record for me. That was his first record. Another of my firsts is David Hughes' recital of classical music, a collection of love songs. I am sure he will go a long way in the world of opera now." (David Hughes, once a popular romantic singer, made his Glyndebourne debut last year, sings there again this season.)

Then there is studio work. Though she maintains a staff of 20 technicians, Mrs. Wallich likes to supervise every recording she issues: "I can operate the mixing board, but, of course, I don't. But I know exactly what I

Mrs. Wallich against a background of sleeves in her office. She is not desk-bound, however, and always supervises her recordings. At the Albert Hall she organised a Gymanfa Ganu, when 6,000 Welsh voices sang a dozen of the greatest Welsh hymns. The conductor is Terry James and on Mrs. Wallich's left is her assistant, Mrs. Marie Tobin



want and see that I get it." During the Gymanfa Ganu she was in constant touch with her technicians below stage.

Being involved in such a constantly busy, continually developing industry doesn't bother her at all; she has, in fact, rejected many offers for the company from bigger firms. "Development keeps saving the industry," she pointed out, referring to the advent of long-playing records, then stereo-phony. "You know, even an individual can save it. Take the Beatles, for example: they put the industry on to quite a different level. Before they arrived there was a periodic slump. Then they created a terrific demand, they lifted expectancy, and this extends to all branches of the trade."

This unexpected tribute was purely on the business level: "I am not interested in pop music, don't understand it, though I've tried." Her business philosophy is clear-cut: "You cannot give the public something they don't want. If the public aren't interested in a record you could stand on a street corner and not even give it away. I have never issued a cheap label and never intend to."

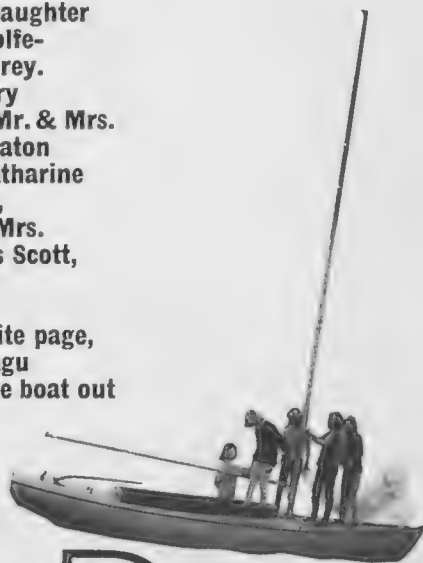
Mrs. Wallich's ambition is expansion: "We are releasing a large quantity of new records at the moment, and in the future I want to do more things, bigger and more ambitious. Geraint Evans is keen to do a collection of songs in Welsh for me."

Perhaps another influence contributory to Mrs. Wallich's success is that she is part Italian: "My mother was American, my father Italian, I was born in Italy, but came to England when I was five." If there is any trace of accent it is slight as a half-heard echo, but there is a compelling warmth about her presence, and a vivacity that helps to make her look ridiculously young to have a son of 25. "I have two sons; they are both physicists. The younger is still at Oxford; he is very musical. But I don't think either of them will go into the business." She shrugged lightly: "You don't think of the future when you start something like this—there is so much to be done in the present."



Several of last year's debutantes grew up together at the Bembridge Sailing Club where Betty Swaebe photographed them against an appropriate setting of sea and sail. They are now accomplished and enthusiastic sailors and are back at Bembridge again this year

Above: Victoria Cameron, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Keith Cameron, Fifield House, Milton-under-Wychwood, Oxford; Julia Atkins, daughter of Mr. Humphrey Atkins, M.P. and Mrs. Atkins, of Lower Belgrave Street, S.W.1; Miranda Quarry, daughter of Mr. Richard Quarry and Lady Mancroft; Sarah Greenly, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Anthony Greenly, of Yattendon, near Newbury, Berkshire, and Angela Wolfe-Taylor, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Peter Wolfe-Taylor, of Ockham, Surrey. Opposite page, left: Mary Wainman, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Charles Wainman, of Eaton Square, S.W.1, with Katharine Montagu Douglas Scott, daughter of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. Claud Montagu Douglas Scott, of Bourton Hill House, Moreton-in-Marsh, Gloucestershire. Opposite page, right: Katharine Montagu Douglas Scott pushes the boat out



THE BEMBRIDGE DEBS



THE FACE OF

Farnham, 40 miles from London, tucked away in the agricultural folds of Surrey, is typical of the English town adjusting to the pressures of the 60s. JOHN VERNEY, who settled there 20 years ago, writes with affection about the town, points its charms and shows that even if beatniks have replaced bishops, he too has become absorbed into the patterns that have informed country life for centuries. Photographs by Richard Swayne

"But is there anywhere left to walk where you live?" asked my big-game-hunting friend, back from Central Africa and whom, on the phone, I was inviting for a visit. "I thought Farnham was in the stockbroker belt."

"There are places near here where you can walk all day and think you're in Scotland—except for the absence of trippers," I replied, somewhat nettled. "By the way, better bring a gun. We may meet a puma."

It snowed too hard to walk, but he enjoyed tramping round the museum, being shown the Norman Keep from the car, and watching Joan Knight's memorable production of *You Never Can Tell* (to celebrate the 25th anniversary of the Castle Theatre Repertory). He even agreed that some pad-marks on the lawn were certainly too large for a dog.

"Of course it's all charmingly escapist and unspoilt," commented another visitor, from the Midlands. "But it has nothing to do with England in the 60s. I doubt if you're even coshed often."

"Not often," I had to admit. "But please don't think we haven't our problems. There's the cedar the Council is trying to cut. . . ."

Close enough to London to attract stockbrokers, far enough to be accused of escapism. What more could anyone wish, as a civilized compromise between the metropolis and the Outer Hebrides? A few minutes' walk in one direction and I'm overlooking the Wey Valley from the hopfields and rolling farmlands that Arthur Young, according to Cobbett, called the finest 10 miles in England. A few minutes in the other and I can enjoy 900 years of English architectural styles (some of the best 16th and 17th century examples dating from about 30 years ago). Not that, to be honest, I often go for a walk in either direction. Any free time is spent looking after my children's pets.

The house came first; an appreciation of the Farnham scene later. We fell in love with it on sight—square, red-brick, the slates resting on a pretty cornice. The agent's photo showed daffodils in the orchard. We could see for ourselves—that last autumn of the war—the apples ripening, and pears in the walled garden. There was a barn that might make a pottery or studio—there were endless possibilities. Having been separated for four years, we were spending a few hours' leave frantically searching for somewhere to establish roots—if only the war would end. Of course the place was too large and beyond our means. Meanwhile the owner needed a snap decision.

We plunged—and have never regretted it. With a few more hours' leave, and the help of Army petrol, we took possession one rainy night that same winter, a double-mattress and the rest of our worldly goods stuffed into the back of an old two-seater Renault. Probably we would have been as happy elsewhere, but I doubt if any other town of its size could have offered, as a background to a busy family life and a storm of work, so great a variety of interests, amusements, scenery and, above all, of friendly congenial people. There were Bourne Music Club concerts, a flourishing Art School, the valiant repertory (the smallest professional theatre in England, I believe), innumerable Societies for this or that. The variety was inexhaustible as we explored it delightedly in the first years of peace. (It still is, but now it is we who are exhausted.) To make both ends meet, we sold flowers and vegetables; kept a cow, chickens, bees, pigs; ran a kindergarten. Between whiles I taught art at a girls' school, decorated pottery and hawked my work round London publishers—as it happens, my first published drawing (though I'd hate anyone to see it) appeared in the *TATLER*. Within no time the longed-for roots were established; we could hardly remember having lived anywhere else. Farnham is sometimes accused of being snobbish, and one knows what is meant. The Bishops of Winchester, then of Guildford, occupied the Castle for centuries. That, and a prevalence of retired proconsuls, created an aura of self-satisfaction that used to irritate me, but it seems to have vanished. (Am I more tolerant? Or can it be that I, also . . .?) The last time I saw the Great Hall of the Bishop's Palace, 200 teenagers were vibrating to the electric guitars of a group called the Rockin' Crescendoes. The bishops' portraits looked down without noticeable dismay, indeed some of them were vibrating too.

Beneath the Castle, and by no means always in harmony with its occupants (the townsfolk burnt Bishop Sumner in effigy in 1830) flourished a long line of yeoman farmers, millers, brewers, builders, merchants and craftsmen of all kinds; the tradition that produced—among much else—Cobbett, Sturt, the Borelli family, Kingham's, Elphick's, and the lately-lamented Harold Faulkner who did as much to preserve, restore and create the beauty of his home town as any English architect can ever have done. Farnham, around 1700, was the greatest provincial corn market in England; in the next century and a half its hops became famous the world over and supplied the wealth for hundreds of exquisite houses, whose history has been investigated by Nigel Temple in two admirable books, *Farnham Inheritance* and *Farnham Buildings and People* (published by the local printer, E. W. Langham). The inhabitants

have reason to be proud; but, as countless good causes can testify, they have a very warm heart. They also have a genius for absorbing newcomers in the friendliest fashion while keeping them politely in their place. When I asked for a copy of *The Wheelwright's Shop* at the stationer's where I've bought all my materials for 20 years, the owner said, not (I think) intending sarcasm, "Now that you've been here for a bit I expect you're starting to take an interest in our history." Incidentally, there wasn't a copy. Farnham is not markedly appreciative of its two best-known authors. I fancy it feels a little uncomfortable under George Sturt's perceptive eye. As for Cobbett—"A most disagreeable person," said the venerable lady, handing me a contribution to his memorial. "He was always so rude about all one's friends." The town celebrated his bicentenary with appropriate gusto, but the uneasy suspicion remains that, with his Radicalism, his hatred of the clergy and stockjobbers, he might have been ruder still about Farnham as it is now.

Come to that, I am not uncritical myself. Sometimes I think the whole place is too complacent, stuck deep in its own rich clay, gravel and sand, and needs a gentle kick in the pants to free it. The wonderful building tradition survives, but often rudderless. My heart sinks at the sight of the too-too-solid bungalows marching out, and ever out, along the dreary suburban roads where I remember walking through hop-gardens. Farnham, it seems to me, should ask itself whether there may not be better solutions to development elsewhere, even in Aldershot. But these are family squabbles. I'm grateful to belong—or to feel I do—to that family. And I might add that the Council, subjected to a continuous barrage of criticism and advice, deserves far more praise than it ever gets for steering an impossibly difficult course between the rival demands of past, present and future.

One is always repaid in one's own coin sooner or later. When I first came, my younger and more irreverent eye was enchanted by a Surrealist, a *Monsieur Hulot*-like, quality about the Farnham scene. The same eccentric old boy, muttering to himself and making faces, seemed always to be moving from the same spot as I approached. Several times lately I've remarked a sardonic young man, with long hair and a beard and tight black jeans. He's staring at me with amusement. . . .

The company of the Castle Theatre are (from left on the balcony) Mr. Alex Griffin, Miss Joan Knight, Miss Elspeth MacNaughton, Mr. Kerry Mann, Mr. Bryan Stanyon and Miss Hilary Hardiman. (On the stairs) Miss Maureen Moore, Miss Rhoda Lewis, Miss Rosmunde Lawrence, Miss Carole Paige, Mr. Dick Tuckey and Mr. Guy Rowston. Miss Knight is the repertory's artistic director and produced William Corlett's play *O.U.T. spells Out at the Castle*. It transferred to the Duchess Theatre, London, as *Return Ticket with Dame Sybil Thorndike*. Another of Mr. Corlett's plays, *Flight of a Lone Sparrow*, was recently produced at the Castle. Miss Knight is leaving the company this summer and is succeeded by Mr. Tuckey

FARNHAM



Miss Margaret J. Biggs and Miss G. Mary Biggs sell luxury goods, silks, china, glass and jewellery at their shop, Biggs of Farnham. Their grandfather started the business in Maidenhead in 1866 and it transferred to Farnham in 1936. The present shop was an old coaching inn on the London to Portsmouth run and was built in 1537



Sir John Verney (author of the article on p. 480) settled in Farnham at the end of the war. The walls of his studio are decorated by his mural depicting the growth of the town and it also chronicles the growth of his own family. A number of his own friends were used as models



Canon Hedley R. Wilds (above) has been in Farnham for 11 years and is the originator of the Farnham Music Festival (now in its third year). He was a chartered surveyor before being ordained. His church is St. Andrew's



Mr. Harold Faulkner, who died last year at the age of 87, was the architect for the greater part of old Farnham. This rambling old house, built up from sections of other houses, is set in a copse of dead and decaying trees in the middle of a large field



Mr. James Hockey is the principal of Farnham Art School. He was born in London and educated at Alleyn's School, Dulwich. Farnham Art School, to which he was appointed in 1945, is one of the Diploma schools and has attained a high reputation





Mrs. A. M. Virgo (above) is joint proprietress of the Bishop's Table, Farnham, with author Oliver Moxon. Her husband started the restaurant two years ago and it has established a strong reputation for its cuisine and luxury suites. There is a swimming pool with a sliding roof for use in summer and winter. Roulette and chemin de fer are played there and the restaurant is open seven days a week. Above right: Farnham born Mr. Harry Manning cycled to and from his job in Haslemere for 18 months to save money to buy his first Lancia Aprilia. That was in 1939. Now he is owner of Scuderia Manning, a garage that specializes in the repair and maintenance of Lancia cars





Mrs. David Gillespie (above) is a designer in fibreglass who trained at the Royal College of Art. Two years ago he moved to a factory in Farnham previously owned by the late Harold Faulkner (see p. 483). He has designed a fibreglass mural for the entrance of the National Cash Register Company building and a 20 ft. plate glass window with gold inlaid dragons for a Hong Kong hotel. His work has also been shown on B.B.C.-TV's Monitor. Left: The Bush Hotel in Farnham High Street has a reputation for continental cuisine and proves a popular port of call as here, when the Saturday morning regulars group on the lawn in front of the hotel



Mr. E. W. Langham (above) is the proprietor of the Farnham Herald which he started 73 years ago when he first moved to Farnham. Mr. Langham has a framed copy of the first edition, and, though he retired from its administration 14 years ago at the age of 80, the newspaper is still published weekly. Mr. H. G. Booth (above right) was photographed in the newly erected Folk Life Gallery of the Farnham Museum, of which he is curator. The extension houses ancient farming implements and antique fire engines, two of which were bought for the princely sum of £64 9s. 3d. The museum is in Willmer House, built in 1718 at a cost of £500. It was taken over by the Farnham Urban District Council in 1959 and the museum opened two years later to exhibit items of local historical significance and contemporary paintings. Mr. Booth was previously assistant curator at a museum at Great Yarmouth. Mrs. Ann Welch (above far right), women's glider champion, came to Farnham 15 years ago. She is currently directing the World Gliding Championships near Cirencester. Her husband is a plastics engineer and they have three daughters





Mrs. Elizabeth Naydler (left) is director of the Ashgate Gallery, Farnham, and has been responsible for more than 50 exhibitions there since the inception of the gallery in 1960. Emphasis is on contemporary painters and sculptors (they have shown work by Henry Moore, Chagall, Sutherland, Siegfried Charoux, Barbara Hepworth and John Bratby) though there have also been exhibitions of stained glass, pottery, tapestry and original prints. In 1962 a large open air exhibition of sculpture was opened by Paul Getty and helped establish the Ashgate as one of the leading provincial galleries. It is Mrs. Naydler's policy to encourage interest in original works, if necessary by the lesser known painters, rather than good reproductions. The gallery was founded as a non-commercial venture by her husband, Mr. Merton Naydler, a London solicitor; last month he published his first book, *Cook on a Cool Cat*, an account of a voyage by sailing boat to the Arctic. With Mrs. Naydler in the photograph are (from left, standing) Miss Ursula McConnell, Mr. Arthur Hackney, Mr. Harold Cheesman and (seated) sculptor Mr. Ben Franklin and Mr. R. C. Ball

GREAT WH



ITE

Fashion by
Unity Barnes
*Suddenly this
summer all
the greatest
clothes are
white, and the
greatest white
clothes have
a casual dash
that links
them
naturally with
the English
sporting
scene. Bob
Brooks
photographed
some of these
great ways to
look against
the cool, green
background
of the
Hurlingham
Club. Starting
life in 1869 as
a pigeon
shooting club,
it not only
provides for
sports
ranging from
cricket to
archery, but
retains an
elegantly
Edwardian
atmosphere
that
encourages a
contented
summer
idleness too.*

Left: Closely-
ribbed Helanca
swimsuit with
rouleau belt,
waist-low at
the back. By
Tiktiner,
13 gns. at
Woollands.

Right:
Blindingly
white Helanca
suit, narrowly
edged with
navy blue;
low backed,
of course.
By Tiktiner,
15½ gns. at
Woollands.
Sunglasses
by Correna.

WAYS





Left: Cotton brocade cut casually into a blazer suit, a black leather thong belt slotted around the low-slung skirt, 8 gns. at Boys, Knightsbridge Green (a new boutique just opened). They also have the white cotton Italian classic sweater.

Right: Crisp piqué "campus jacket," zipp-fronted, banded with navy and red braid; leggy Bermuda shorts have the same banding at the waist. By David Bond Group One for Slimma, 7 gns. at Fenwick. Nylon-knee-socks, 6s. 11d. at Simpson. Photographed on the long putting course in front of the Club House; in winter, there is a 9-hole golf course.







Left: Short, sporty dress of heavy linen with stretchy sleeves and peaked cap in thick fishnet cotton. By Mary Quant's Ginger Group, dress, £5 19s. 6d. at Bazaar, Knightsbridge and Chelsea. Tennis shoes, by Dunlop from £1 13s. 6d. at Simpson. The Hurlingham Club is the headquarters of the Croquet Association.

Right: Straight little dress, linen-textured, with cricket-sweater stripes of red and blue braid at the neck. By Veronica Marsh, 7½ gns. at Top Gear, Kings Road.





Left: Pique tennis dress, white enough for Wimbledon and very much of this year with its braided bodice and looped buttonholes.

By Teddy Tinling, 7 gns. at Lillywhites.

Right: For non-championship play, a brief skirt with swinging pleats in wool and Terylene, the slipover top striped at neck and pocket with navy and scarlet. 10 gns. at Gordon Lowe. Tennis shoes by Dunlop.

Instruction is being given here by tennis coach George Shipton.





on plays

Pat Wallace / Heroic parasite

Mother Courage And Her Children is the first production of a Bertolt Brecht play that the National Theatre have staged and they have been wise in choosing one of his plays with the widest appeal though, as always with Brecht, it will be a subject of controversy, discussion and argument. In this work he wrote a chronicle of the Thirty Years War which, I was told by a most distinguished member of the National Theatre Board, originally played at its Zurich opening in 1941 for four and a half hours. Mercifully this has been whittled down to a muscular three and a quarter hours, though even the most devoted Brechtians will from time to time find that this shorter period has its *longueurs*.

The story is of a middle aged *vivandière* following the armies during this seemingly endless struggle back and forth across central Europe. It was a war that decimated the population of every country in which it was fought, and brought ruin, disease and death to thousands of civilians and soldiers. To Mother Courage, however, it meant a living and her little covered wagon, its horses long since lost, and lugged by her two sons over countless miles of rough track, purveyed food, drink and odd articles of equipment to the forces.

As in other Brecht plays there is a dichotomy here between the author's first intention (to show the woman as one dedicated to a ruthless pursuit of self-interest) and the actual performance of the play (which reveals her as a figure of almost heroic size, enduring the worst blows of fate and somehow finding the tenacity to struggle on). She is not in either interpretation the romantic figure of a *vivandière* but of an indomitable woman surviving, whatever her reasons, by an enormous effort of will. She was in the exact sense of the word a profiteer and though her fortunes declined in the course of the terrible war, as did everyone's, her bare living depended on the war's continuance. Whatever her motives, therefore, venal or admirable, she was an embodiment of strength and in the present production this is the aspect that the greater part of an audience will discover the most decisive.

Mother Courage's rough travelling canteen by its very nature becomes a focal point for rumour and gossip during the hours of relaxation or exhaustion which are a part of any war, and whether she is setting up a makeshift bar or, more often, using the wagon as a store, there gravitate towards her the hangers-on of battles, the stretcher bearers, a chaplain, a cook, the local peasants and, more rarely, an officer or two. From them Mother Courage learns of progress and defeats and by them the course of her own life is more and more violently affected. Both her sons are killed and in the end even her deaf and dumb daughter, whom in her rough way she has protected till then, is shot while beating a drum to warn a sleeping town of an imminent attack. Mother Courage is quite alone and we finally see her pulling the wagon herself, labouring along in an almost hopeless attempt to follow the army and live, however pitifully, through it.

Miss Madge Ryan's performance as Mother Courage is almost as resolute as the character itself. In an immensely long part that calls for physical as well as intellectual powers, Miss Ryan gives us a picture of a being who is at worst steely hard and at best the embodiment of the title. It is by any account an impressive piece of playing as well as a demanding one.

Mr. Frank Finlay as the cook and Mr. Peter Cellier as the chaplain, both of them pressed into her service on occasion, give the remarkably intelligent performances that one has come to expect of them and even contrive to find humour in some of their situations, while Miss Lynn Redgrave as the afflicted daughter has a clumsy pathos and a touching sense of the comic that have an appeal of their own.

Mr. William Gaskill's production—and it must have been one full of problems—deserves not only to be praised but to be appreciated for its technical brilliance and its understanding of the playwright's subtleties. Few Brecht plays can be described as easy going, but this one is a very real experience and not one I would willingly have missed.

on films

Elsbeth Grant/Suicide mission

Well, there I was last week hoping there'd never be another war film—and here I am *this* week having to admit I enjoyed one: **Operation Crossbow**(A), produced by Carlo Ponti and directed by Michael Anderson. It is a shamelessly romanticized account of how, through brilliant intelligence on the part of Allied agents, we were able to prevent Hitler from making the most of his secret weapons, the V.1 and the V.2—but, by golly, it's exciting.

The film opens in December, 1942. Mr. Churchill (who but Patrick Wymark?) has got wind of new Nazi aerial weapons, the precise nature of which is not yet known. Mr. Duncan Sandys (Richard Johnson) is summoned to No. 10 Downing St. and ordered to have the matter investigated with all speed. Among the other real-life characters the scriptwriters (Richard Imrie, Derry Quinn and Ray Rigby) have blandly introduced to give their story a flavour of authenticity are Miss Constance Babington-Smith (Sylvia Syms) who, on a reconnaissance photograph taken over Peenemunde, spots a mysterious object that turns out to be a V.1—and Professor Lindemann (Trevor Howard) who obstinately pooh-poohs the idea of flying bombs and high-speed rockets till the beastly things begin to arrive in England's green and pleasant land.

Peenemunde, where they were first developed, has been wiped out by the R.A.F. but the Nazis have another source of supply—a vast underground factory in Central Europe, largely staffed by engineers and scientists from the occupied countries, our spies report. Three suitably qualified Allied agents are parachuted into Holland to make their services available to the Nazis: they are a fragile-looking Dutchman (Tom Courtenay); a suave Englishman (Jeremy Kemp) and a self-confident American (George Peppard), all speaking immaculate German.

While still in Holland Mr. Courtenay is nabbed and shot as a spy by the German police—and Mr. Peppard has a decidedly tricky encounter with Sophia Loren, ex-wife of the collaborator he is impersonating. Lilli Palmer, acting in the Allies' interest, ends the awkward situation in a businesslike way: she shoots Miss Loren dead. (The

mortality rate among the stars is unusually high.)

Eventually, after intensive screening, Messrs. Peppard and Kemp are installed as workers in the top secret factory and on the strength of information they are able to pass to British Intelligence (just how, nobody says) a concentrated R.A.F. bombing attack on the place is planned. The two agents will be blown up along with everyone else but you can be sure they'll both die gallantly—especially Mr. Peppard, since he's regarded as "big box-office" in the American market. He does, in fact, have himself a ball—holding all the factory personnel at bay with a machine-gun while signalling his exact whereabouts to the circling bombers.

The tension Mr. Anderson has built up in the closing sequences is terrific and his handling of the grim scenes earlier on, in which whole streets of houses are demolished by flying-bombs and those awful rockets (more terrifying than the doodlebugs because of their silent approach) is masterly. You've never seen a more impressive set than that of the colossal underground factory. Top marks for the art direction (Elliot Scott), the special effects (Tom Howard) and the colour and widescreen photography (Erwin Hillier). And congratulations all round on a strikingly well made and quite enthralling film.

British musicals tend to be guileless little things, more dependent on the youth and freshness of the cast than on anything else—and **Three Hats For Lisa** (U), directed by Sidney Hayers, is no exception. Pop singer Joe Brown, who has a cheerful grin and a hedgehog haircut, plays a Cockney dockworker—an ardent fan of a cutie Italian film star called Lisa Milan (blonde Sophie Hardy, coy and giggly). Mr. Brown's girlfriend, the delightful (and here wasted) Una Stubbs, finds this a frightful bore—but when he hires a taxi (Sidney James driving) to dash to London Airport to see the visiting celebrity in the flesh, Miss Stubbs grudgingly accompanies him and his mate, Dave Nelson.

Miss Hardy tells them she has two ambitions: to see London and to acquire a bowler, a guardsman's bearskin and a policeman's helmet. The first

ambition is easily fulfilled—the obliging taxi-driver attends to that: the second lands the four young people and Mr. James in considerable, moderately entertaining, trouble.

Leslie Bricusse, who wrote the original story, provides some rather pleasant but unmemorable songs—the lyrics are a cut above the music—and Gillian Lynne's choreography, though not particularly inspired, is well up to British musical standard: it's jolliest in a Covent Garden scene, where girls from the ballet in their little tutus dance with the flower, fruit and vegetable sellers in the market. Unsophisticated and harmless, it should please the teenagers—if Hollywood has not taught them to

turn up their impudent noses at the home product.

In *Mata Hari, Agent H.21* (X), Jeanne Moreau, looking glam but glum, plays the "Javanese" dancer who was shot as a German spy in France during the 1914-18 war. Miss Moreau is made to commit so many blunders (like leaving what amounts to her calling card on top of a safe from which she has pinched secret military documents) she must realize she'll have to face the firing squad eventually: perhaps that's why she seems more than usually down in the mouth. Jean-Louis Richard directed—the period atmosphere he has created is the best thing about the film.

on books

Oliver Warner / The Balearic boom

Robert Graves would probably disdain to write what passes these days for a travel book. *Majorca Observed*, by Graves and Paul Hogarth (Cassell 36s.) is nothing of the sort: it is a series of autobiographical fragments, illustrated with perceptive skill by one of the best descriptive artists working at present. Graves tells of how he came to settle in Majorca; how he was exiled first through the Spanish Civil War and then through the onset of World War II. He also describes something of the extraordinary tourist boom as seen from the island, which has been transformed by it, not for the better, over the last few years. The book is filled with occasional essays and sketches, varying in interest, the best of them delightful.

I suppose it was inevitable that someone, sometime, would write a serious novel to the theme of a negro President of the United States. Irvine Wallace in *The Man* (Cassell 30s.) has done just that. He uses a broad canvas, and he has, I think, succeeded first in making his central figure, Douglass Dilman, convincing, and again in the even more difficult matter of bringing the political and indeed the international scene into proper focus. Wallace does not minimize the stress upon the man or the nation of the appointment, and though the book is arguably a shade too generous in length, there is fully enough excitement to lure the most jaded to read on.

Wim Swann, author of *Japanese Lantern* (Bles 45s.) is a South African who took the trouble to learn the elements of the language before travelling in Japan. He writes with sympathy of a land and a people swinging, so it seems, between scurry and meditation, between tradition and experiment—always zestfully alive. I was sad to learn how few, and how tourist-ridden, the handful of Ainu have become, those queer and hirsute people who are the remnants of a white race who were there before the successful yellow invasion.

Now by G. O. Jones (Faber 21s.) strikes me as a good novel, very much about the present. David Clement, the hero, is a Government scientist

ized, the young puzzled, and in the daughter's case prepared to suffer for pacifist convictions. David himself is involved in a serious nuclear crisis that is threatening though still unresolved at the end of the narrative. Yet though the story is inconclusive, the characters are not. They live under a threat of doom, like the rest of us, and I find them convincing in their reactions and perplexities.

Whatever one's views about Ireland, and most people middle-aged or over usually have plenty, what feeling it can still arouse! Reading Elizabeth Coxhead's *Daughters of Erin* (Secker & Warburg 30s.) is splendidly invigorating. The author, biographer of Lady Gregory of the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, can't write a dull sentence, and her subjects are Maude Gonne (whose beauty, by the way, scarcely survives camera or drawing), Constance Markievicz, Sarah Purser, Sara Allgood and Maire O'Neill; "five passionate, wilful, self-forgetting ghosts," she calls them: "happy because absorbed, through no matter what setback or difficulty, by work which in one form or another will redound to the glory of Ireland."

"The real art of living is to strike a balance," writes Molly Castle in her amusing *How to Manage Your Man and Your Money* (Leslie Frewin 25s.). "Life goes fast; never wish a single day of it away." The balance in her own book is neatly kept between marriage, money and work, and though there is a good deal of fun in it, not, in this case, much helped by the illustrations, there is also quite a lot of firm sense, particularly about money. How to keep money must always be difficult in an inflationary age; how to add to it needs a spice of genius, and a great many sound tips. There are one or two here worth considering.

Briefly . . . The Life and Death of St. Kilda by Tom Steel (National Trust for Scotland 21s.) is about that remarkable island, over 100 miles west of the mainland of Scotland, that was abandoned 35 years ago because life was proving impossible for the inhabitants. This is an attempt—and a good one—to put the story into



DAVID SIM



GORDON GOODE

Actor Ian Holm plays a leading part in both the new productions which follow the World Theatre Season at the Aldwych Theatre. Above: as the royal hero in *Henry V*. Top: with Vivien Merchant in *Harold*

on opera

J. Roger Baker / The dichotomy of Glyndebourne

On one hand are the gardens, the food, the conversation, the evening dress. On the other are musicians, designers, producers. Mutual irritants. The opera-lover can find the long interval and the environment a tremendous drag on the performance. The leisure-lover simply requires something undemanding between lemon tea and *sole meunière*. During the last few years an attempt has been made to draw the two attitudes closer together, and not only to keep in step with an ever increasingly opera-conscious age, but also to lead taste, by mounting works by Britten, Stravinsky, Poulenc and Hans Werner Henze.

Last year a little audience research was continued and in this year's programme book the Earl of Harewood analyses the results in an extremely witty article. It is apparent that the modern operas, and even the less familiar classical ones, are way down on the list of popular productions. The problem seems to be: should Glyndebourne rest on the laurels of charming, uneventful productions, or should it, going against the clear desires of its supporting audience, maintain its work in broadening the repertory and the operagoer's experience.

So the thinking behind the choice of the current season's opener seems pretty clear: something charming, undemanding, amusing, preferably 18th century. *Il Matrimonio Segreto* by Cimarosa was selected. It fits all these hypothetical requirements, but there are other good reasons for its revival. Not only is it infrequently performed, but in his day Cimarosa's reputation eclipsed that of Mozart his contemporary, and his star shone on well into the 19th century. So whether one attends Glyndebourne for the sheer eccentric delight of the whole thing, or to see a rare work well realized, one must be satisfied.

The opera is based on the Garrick-Colman play *The Clandestine Marriage*, reducing a cast of 18 to the six principals: rich merchant tries to marry his elder daughter to a count who promptly falls in love with the younger daughter who is already secretly married to her father's clerk. The elder daughter is a touch shrewish, there is a middle-aged aunt, the father is deaf, the count a bit simple . . . all a fair enough basis for the chain of misunderstandings that characterizes comic operas of this period.

But no one is allowed to

reveal any individual personality apart from very superficial quirks, and the plot lacks any really strong mechanical twists—it is all on the surface and all a matter of people being two-faced. This is partly the fault of the music, which is attractive and charming. It trips and skips along, but without any discernible change of emphasis or moments of relaxation tending ultimately, despite its vivacity, to a feeling of monotony. Instead of the music working on the singers, the singers have to work on the music, make use of it to display their vocal accomplishment and, in doing so, bring a conventional piece to life. There is one short moment, in the second act, when the younger daughter, upset by the complications arising from her secret wedding, has a simple, lamenting outburst. Suddenly we were in the world of Mozart and suddenly the trouble with the rest of the opera was revealed. Cimarosa could do it, but he didn't do it often enough.

The piece is efficiently performed by an all-Italian cast who achieve a good sample of ensemble playing and singing. Rosa Laghezza as the younger daughter introduces a clear and lovely voice that promises excitement in operas where she has more to express than sweet bewilderment, and Pietro Bottazzo made a charming thing of his elopement aria. Myer Fredman, in the absence of Vittorio Gui, conducted extremely well, keeping the

pace springing and observing the dynamics of the string parts in the overture.

Frank Hauser directs and wisely avoids any attempt to add extraneous visual humour. He uses the dimensions of the artists wittily (the count, Federico Davia, is tall; the merchant, Carlo Badioli, is short) but perhaps goes too far in a use of mime to make what characters are saying perfectly clear to a non-comprehending audience. Perhaps the most individually successful aspect of the evening is the decor of Desmond Heeley which, in the first act at least, exceeds Glyndebourne's already high standard in this department.

Il Matrimonio Segreto makes for an evening of quiet and uneventful charm, but it would be a shame if it announces any change of direction in Glyndebourne's policy. There will always be people around who regard *Figaro* as a charming trifle, but Glyndebourne must also attract those who know it is a scathing social document. *Il Matrimonio* is a charming trifle, but nothing else. The other operas to be shown this year are encouraging, however. *Der Rosenkavalier* is already being performed; Donizetti's account of dark events at the court of King Henry VIII, *Anna Bolena*, opens on 11 June, *Figaro* comes back on 25 June, Verdi's *Macbeth* on 15 July and a revival of last year's unfamiliar Rossini comedy *La pietra del paragone* starts on 22 July.



Attilio Labis, a premier danseur of the Paris Opera Ballet, with Nadia Nerina, première ballerina of the Royal Ballet, in *Swan Lake*, which opened the summer season at Covent Garden. Guest artist Labis will be seen dancing in the same role with Margot Fonteyn tonight, and next week in Sylvia

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on records

Spike Hughes / Timeless excitement

The issue by RCA of two records (mono only) called **Toscanini Concert Favourites** is the sort of thing that restores one's faith in the gramophone companies. Some of the 14 items have never been on LP before, some have never been issued in any form till now, and others are restored to circulation after a maddening absence that followed when Decca took over the RCA catalogue from HMV. Volume Two is particularly welcome as it enables us to hear again Toscanini's unsurpassed performance of Ravel's second *Daphnis and Chloë* suite. All the stereo and hi-fi in the business has not yet produced anything to approach the clarity, driving excitement and sheer beauty of sound of this classic version recorded 16 years ago, when Toscanini was 82.

This volume also includes the only available recording of Wagner's *A Faust Overture*, a work I heard announced the other day on the BBC in what now passes for educated English as "a fahst overture"—the

last way one would describe a piece that begins as slowly as this does. Toscanini's recording, never heard here before, is a tremendously lively performance and a refreshing reminder of his unique ability to keep the non-Wagnerite awake. The rest of the record includes, among other things, delicious performances of a Strauss polka, and a Sousa march taken at the sort of lick only the Bersaglieri could ever keep up with. Volume One brings back another classic performance to the catalogue—Toscanini's fiery and dramatic account of Richard Strauss' *Don Juan*. The other main dish is a very matter of fact treatment of Tchaikovsky's *Romeo and Juliet*, an interesting study in Toscanini's dry-eyed approach to a composer he did not play very often. Nevertheless, there is no lack of sheer dynamic excitement in the performance.

A couple of years ago Birgit Nilsson made a record of three numbers from Verdi's *Macbeth* that were clearly regarded as

a successful trial run, for she now sings Lady Macbeth in Decca's new complete recording of the opera (three records, mono and stereo). "Complete" is, of course, a very relative term indeed; in this version the witches' music is constantly whittled away and four cuts in the battle fugue (a saving of less than a minute's music) are made for some long-forgotten reason that has developed into a pointless tradition. The most nearly "complete" *Macbeth* is consequently the one performed at Glyndebourne, where the battle music is played in full and allowed to die away as Verdi intended. Otherwise the Decca recording is an admirably disciplined and satisfying performance, even though young Maestro Thomas Schippers gets into a muddle by adopting two different tempi in the last scene of the opera when one is meant to do. Giuseppe Taddei is a fine Macbeth who sings Verdi as well as anybody in the game today; and there is some wonderfully resonant bass singing by Giovanni Foiani as Banquo.

Taddei also takes a welcome part in two of Philips' one-record - mono - only operatic

highlights—Rossini's *Mosé and Donizetti's Linda di Chamounix*. The Rossini excerpts come from a complete recording, long out of print, of a fascinating opera with never a dull moment in it. The Welsh National Opera have just taken it up most successfully and in Michael Langdon have a much better Moses than Rossini's Lemeni on the day he made this Philips recording. The Donizetti is quite charming, with an even more unlikely plot than usual, a good mad scene which Antonietta Stella makes the most of, and some satisfactory tenor tunes for Cesare Valletti.

After an interval of nearly two years the second volume (two records, mono and stereo) of **The Music of Arnold Schoenberg** has been issued by CBS. One record consists only of the long early symphonic poem *Pelleas and Melisande*; the other includes the famous *Variations for Orchestra Op 31* and the *Prelude to the Genesis Suite*, and I imagine will appeal more to the Schoenberg enthusiast. The accompanying analytical notes are exhaustive and might have been written by Peter Ustinov, particularly those attributed to the author himself.

on galleries

Robert Wraight / The artist's vision

To anyone who knows well the work of Henri-Edmond Cross it is difficult to look at the coastal scenery of Provence without being influenced by his vision. Looking from my balcony across the port of Lavandou to Cap Bénat and the "nudist" island of Levant I see the sea made up of a myriad dots of colour from a pointilliste palette and find myself analysing the shadows of trees and buildings and convincing myself that they are composed of blue and purple specks. I wonder what Cross would have thought of the inevitable blocks of flats that have sprouted here during the past few years and realize that, employing the talent for interpretation and "editing" that so impressed Matisse, he would have ignored them or disposed of them as he pleased. And I wish that I could do the same.

So far the flat-building mania has been confined to Le

little in the past 55 years. *La Maison Blanche*, where he lived "entre la mer bleue et les jardins fleuris," is occupied by a businessman. Another lives in his studio. Neither knows much about the artist nor possesses any of his work. But farther up the road—called Avenue Van Risselbergh (*sic*) after the Dutch Divisionist painter, Theo van Rysseberghe, who also lived in Saint-Clair—Cross's nephew keeps the Hotel Bellevue. He is not old enough to remember his uncle but he has two of his pictures, an early portrait of Madame Cross and a faded watercolour, in his office. On the wall of the hotel dining room hangs a reproduction of a Cross masterpiece of fishing boats off Saint-Clair.

To find anyone who remembers the artist you have to go to La Favière, on the other side of Lavandou. Here, holding out against the get-rich-quick developers, lives Alexandre

South from Douai, where he was born, Troin's father was the first to befriend him and rented him a house at Cabasson. When the artist moved to Saint-Clair young Troin visited him in his studio and was inspired to try his own hand at painting. He has continued to paint ever since, allowing scarcely a day to pass without producing something.

In the best room of his house hangs a self-portrait of Cross and another fine portrait of the artist by Maximilien Luce. He treasures a folio of Cross's sketches, given to him 50 years ago by Madame Cross, and the catalogue of a memorial exhibition held in Paris in 1910. This catalogue is remarkable for its appreciation of Cross as a man and a perceptive assessment of his work, by the painter-theorist Maurice Denis.

In recent years the demands of an art-market rapidly running out of Impressionist and Post Impressionist works of any importance, has led to a re-assessment of Henri-Edmond Cross (and many other "minor masters"). After standing in the shadow of

sun somewhere within reach of Signac, if not of Seurat. This is as it should be. There is a lyricism about much of his work that makes it, to me, more appealing than that of Signac. And I am convinced (at least while I am down here in this blazing light) that the brilliance and luminosity of his colours, admired as they were by Matisse, when he came down here to paint alongside Cross and Signac in 1904, were important contributory factors to the birth of Fauvism in the following year.

Wherever you travel along this coast there are reminders of great artists, past and present — Renoir, Bonnard, Léger, Matisse, Marquet, de Stael, Picasso, Cocteau, Villon, Dufy etc. Such a heritage must, you feel (or I do), have a wonderful general effect on artistic taste. But no, it does not. There is here, in so-called art galleries from Toulon to Menton, a greater concentration of rubbishy "art" than, I hope, anywhere else in the world. It reaches rock bottom at St. Tropez and Juan-les-Pins and embraces every conceiv-

THE TENDER TRAP

The sensitive skin is one that smarts and burns if any but the mildest of preparations is used on it; it cannot take strong sunshine or icy winds; it is allergic to many foods and some intrinsically harmless cosmetics. The sensitive skin, though beautiful in youth, is a bane rather than a blessing, and is often confused with dry, thin skin. Every woman with a sensitive skin has her own list of forbidden foods. These often include shellfish, strawberries and some wines. Eggs and fish may also be on the danger list, and an excess of sugar, sweets or starch produces small spots, particularly in early summer. This type of skin is often allergic to ultra-violet rays and produces an unsightly and irritable rash when exposed to sunlight. Only a few creams are efficient enough to combat this. Innox's Kerodex (12W) (which protects you from the sun during and after bathing) is one of them; Elizabeth Arden's Protecta Cream is another and Rose Laird's Special Face Lotion is a third. A resistance can be built up by the use of a sun lamp throughout the year.

New cosmetics must be tried with care. Apply the cream or lotion to the neck first, and if there is no reaction after 24 hours it can safely be used on the face. Avoid strong astringents, highly perfumed soaps and cosmetics and eye lash dyes (sometimes even mascara must be forsworn), hard water and astringent face packs. Lipstick presents a problem for, generally speaking, the long-lasting type must be avoided, particularly in summer or under strong sunshine. You can either use the lipsticks specially made for the allergic (by Elizabeth Arden, Guerlain and Cyclax) or the lip barrier cream made by Innox which, if used whenever lipstick is applied or re-applied, will protect the most sensitive lips in conditions likely to provoke reaction. Good preparations for this type of skin are Queen Preparations, obtainable from Boutalls (Chemists), 60, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1, or Woollands of Knightsbridge; Soothing Cream by Maria Hornes, 16, Davies Street, W.1; Dorothy Gray's Sensitive Skin Cream; Cyclax Baby "O" Skin Food.



Beauty Flash

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Engagements



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Miss Anthea Newton-Dawson to Mr. Kenneth Asprey: *She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. W. D. Newton-Dawson, of Womersley, Guildford, Surrey. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. Algernon Asprey, of Trevor Square, Knightsbridge*

Built in France but coming from a Chrysler-controlled company, it is not surprising that the Simca exhibits few really Gallic features; one could best term it international. It has acquired a considerable following here in Britain, for it could easily pass as a British car of the more modern type, especially as it has a highly attractive performance.

There are two similar models, one of 1300 c.c. and the other a 1½-litre, in addition to a 1-litre saloon that has its engine at the rear. The larger models, however, follow conventional practice in having a four cylinder water cooled engine under the bonnet, driving the back wheels through a four-speed gearbox.

An estate car version of the 1500 was sent me to try, and I thought it a very useful vehicle for those who need at times to carry large loads. The French have always been partial to this type of body because so many of them seem to transport produce continually from one market to another.

The Simca follows the utility layout of such vehicles, but has one useful feature, which is that the tailgate can be left open to accommodate lengthy objects without looking as if it had been forgotten. This is because the upper part of it is a sheet of heavy glass that winds down into the lower part in the same way as any ordinary car window: once down, the lower portion can be swung into a horizontal position to form an extension of the floor. Alternatively, if the goods being carried are specially long, they can be set to rest in a sloping manner on the upper edge of the tailboard.

The 1500 Simca has a thoroughly up to date engine, with five-bearing mainshaft which makes for great smoothness even when pulling hard at low speeds. It produces no less than 81 b.h.p. from its 1475 c.c., but has the somewhat high compression ratio of 9½ to 1, which makes it rather choosy in its grade of fuel. However, it behaved quite well on most premium petrols, probably due to the fact that Simcas have given it a cylinder head of light alloy, which is more tolerant than cast iron in regard to knocking. As an average, I found that 30 m.p.g. was reasonably to be expected



RICHARD SWAYNE

MOTORING

Dudley Noble / The international model

if one did not drive with too heavy a foot.

Among the few unexpected things about the controls was that the gear positions had been reversed by comparison with our usual practice, so that the central lever selected first and second towards the driver, and third and fourth away from him. This is not a criticism, because, when I had got used to it, I thought the arm motion was almost more natural in changing from second to third, and vice-versa, than with the normal gear gate. Nevertheless, the synchromesh, which is provided on all four forward ratios, seemed unusually efficient, and however fast I changed gear it proved impossible to beat it.

The way in which the vehicle behaved on wet and somewhat treacherous roads impressed me favourably; it had a safe feeling and steered without requiring to be hauled around corners, even though there was a degree of understeer—and I prefer this to oversteer, when a car goes into a curve with rather more zest than one anticipates. The turning circle was commendably small, at only a little over 31 feet, which helps when manoeuvring in a tight space.

Being foreign, the Simca naturally was designed in the first place with left hand steering wheel, and this often makes for some awkwardness when conversion to right hand drive is undertaken. Here it did not appear to have any adverse effect, and I found the positioning of the controls, including the instruments, very suitable on this right hand drive version. One touch of genius, I thought, was in siting the clock centrally on top of the facia, where everyone aboard could see it clearly—and, *mirabile dictu*, it went! The heater, too, was fully up to its job, and during a cold spell it turned out what I can only call a fierce heat.

There was really efficient ventilation as well, including two swivelling vents at each end of the facia which allowed warm or cold air to be directed towards the passengers at head level. My "Grand Luxe" estate car is priced at £1,060, all taxes paid; any further alteration in import surcharge will probably not affect this. The Simca 1500 saloon costs £920, and the 1300, £800.

Helen Burke / Apart from the cream

DINING IN

As I write, English strawberries are plentiful and selling well—even at as much as 2s. 6d. to 4s. for a quarter of a pound. "Like eating money," my father would have said. By now, however, the price will have dropped and, even if they are still a little expensive, can be used with other things to go further. For instance, halved strawberries macerated in orange juice and Cointreau arranged around the edge of a trifle are attractive.

Strawberry shortcake, as I knew it in the New World, was a much overrated sweet. It was nothing but two layers of a light scone mixture (called "biscuit dough") spread with butter while still warm and then sandwiched with well-sugared strawberries, gently pressed to let the juices flow. Thick cream went with it.

Nowadays, as proof that taste alters as we grow older, I would much rather have two layers of a fatless sponge, sandwiched and topped with

sweetened strawberries sprinkled with a little Cointreau or even orange juice, and, of course, double cream, whipped to the soft peak stage.

Here is a pleasant walnut and strawberry sweet, called STRAWBERRY DELIGHT: cream together 2 oz. of butter and 2 oz. of caster sugar. Beat two standard eggs into them. Mix together 2 oz. of self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of cornflour, a pinch of salt and 1 oz. of finely chopped walnut meats and lightly mix them into the other mixture. Turn into a well buttered and floured 7-inch sandwich tin and bake for 35 to 40 minutes or until cooked at 375 degrees F. or gas mark 5. The cake is ready when the centre is firm to the touch and when it has shrunk a little from the sides of the tin. While it is cooling mix a cup of roughly chopped strawberries, a cup of double cream whipped to the soft peak stage, a few drops of best quality vanilla essence and sifted icing

sugar to taste. Just before serving, sprinkle a tablespoon of cold Cointreau on the cake and top it with the strawberry cream.

The addition of liqueurs or wine to fully ripe and sweetened strawberries is a fairly old practice in France. Escoffier gives his recipe for STRAWBERRIES ROMANOFF. This is simply very fine ripe strawberries macerated in orange juice and curaçao, placed in a serving dish and covered with Chantilly cream—that is, whipped cream sweetened with sugar to taste, a little of which should be vanilla sugar.

A little later on, when raspberries are also plentiful, I suggest making Escoffier's STRAWBERRY MELBA, which is not so well known as his Peach Melba. For four servings, place a family brick of vanilla-flavoured ice cream in a glass serving-dish. Arrange a layer of choice ripe strawberries on top and cover it with fresh raspberry purée. It can be sweetened to taste but should not be cooked. To make it: mash $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of ripe raspberries, then rub them through a sieve. Add caster sugar to taste.

I have my own pleasing frozen STRAWBERRY MOUSSE, which might be called a straw-

berry ice cream.

Mash and sieve $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of really ripe strawberries. Turn $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of double cream into a basin. Add 3 to 4 level tablespoons of sifted icing sugar and whip until the whisk leaves a trail when drawn through. Then, a little at a time, whisk in as much of the purée as the cream will take.

When the mixture begins to show the slightest sign of a new "glisten," the cream will take no more of the purée. Next, turn out the mixture into individual small glass dishes which will withstand the cold, place them in the ice-making chamber of the refrigerator and leave to become really hard, with the setting at coldest. Two hours before the mousse is required, transfer the dishes to the shelf below the ice-making chamber and return the dial to normal. If there is any purée left over, add a little Cointreau or Kirsch to it and spoon a portion over each individual mousse. One further note: the mashed strawberries do not always have a pleasant colour. To improve the colour of the above mousse, add a drop of culinary red colouring to the mousse before freezing it. This is very rich and will serve up to six.



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BEAUTY

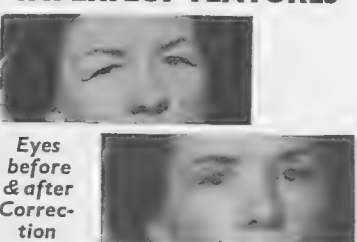
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Weatherby—Henry: Sally, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. E. W. Weatherby, of Croughton Lodge, Brackley, Northampton, was married to Capt. Gerard Francis Henry, 16/5 the Queen's Royal Lancers, son of Major & Mrs. P. F. Henry, of Broomholm, Langholm, Dumfriesshire, at All Saints, Croughton, Northants



Horsman—Clapperton: Catherine Anne, daughter of Lady Horsman and stepdaughter of Sir Henry Horsman, M.C., of Shaw Park, Pembroke, Bermuda, was married to Alexander, son of the late Mr. Alexander Clapperton, and of Mrs. Clapperton, of Edinburgh, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Gifford—Villar: Roma Elizabeth Mary, daughter of the late Mr. A. Morris Gifford, and of Mrs. Gifford, of Spottiswoode St., Edinburgh, was married to Michael Wilson, son of the late Mr. E. H. Villar and of Mrs. Villar, of Churchill Cottage, Market Drayton, Salop, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge



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Outfitters
Simpson (Piccadilly) Ltd.

By Appointment
To H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh
Outfitters
Simpson (Piccadilly) Ltd.



DAKS suit that takes summer seriously

Simpsons want you to look as well dressed on a muggy day as on any other day. That's the virtue of this **DAKS** summer-weight suit. It's in pure wool worsted, for warm weather comfort. And it's meticulously tailored in the best **DAKS** tradition, with the skill derived from many years of craftsmanship. Correct for every occasion—you can choose from the four check patterns shown, and from a wide range of fittings. Price £26.10.0. Come and try it on... before things warm up. We're easy to get to, by bus or tube to Piccadilly Circus.

Stamps

Simpson



Meet Holland's ambassador extraordinary

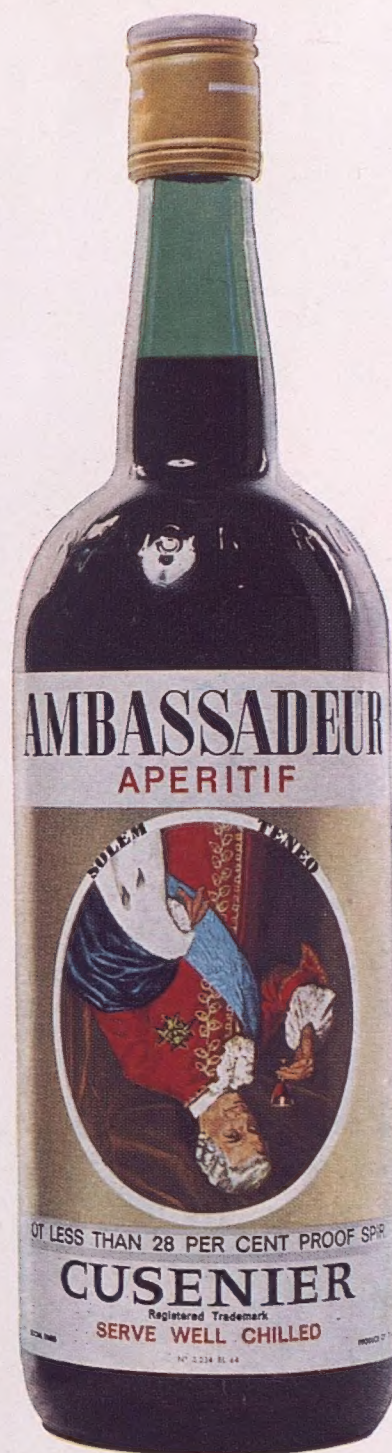
Ever since its arrival in England, Heineken lager beer has been working overtime strengthening the bonds of the Anglo-Dutch alliance. You'll find it on the top tables of Britain speaking eloquently on behalf of Dutch brewing—or in 'magic circles' of influential beer drinkers throughout the length and bars of Britain. In your local or your off-licence—establish contact with Heineken. You'll enjoy the cool, clear and pertinent diplomacy of Holland's *ambassador extraordinary*.

Hi! Heineken!





24/-






740 gns



A misprint like the one on the right may lead a label collector to extravagance. But the bottle on the left is as valuable. It's the contents that count. Ambassadeur. The aperitif from Cusenier. You can buy it here, now. Get a bottle. Open it up. Pour some into a glass. Then taste it. That's all we're saying. You've just got to taste it. You can label the bottle how you choose. But you can't label the drink. Ambassadeur's unique—unique unique. P.S. *Just because it's an aperitif, don't think you can't drink it after dinner. An Ambassadeur has diplomatic immunity.*

AMBASSADEUR
THE *UNIQUE* UNIQUE APERITIF



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"LA PLAGE FLEURIE"
1500 ROOMS de "LUXE"

1965

NORMANDY • ROYAL • GOLF
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CASINO

Roulette. 30 et 40. Chemin de Fer. Baccara

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LES AMBASSADEURS
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SCENE OF DAZZLING GALAS

★ 2 NIGHT CLUBS ★

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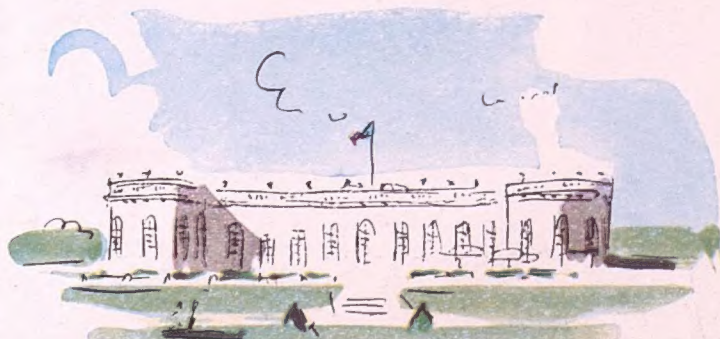
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by **AIR FRANCE**

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